



No. 248.—Vol. XX.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MR. MURRAY CARSON AS THE VAGABOND KING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"DIARMID," AT COVENT GARDEN.

The production of "Diarmid" at Covent Garden on Saturday night proved a credit to the authors, the Marquis of Lorne and Mr. Hamish MacCunn, and to the Carl Rosa Company, which produced it. The crowded house which turned out to see it assumed an attitude little short of affectionate, and demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt that the public retains its early affections for the Princess Louise and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, now turned quite white-haired. The Marchioness, rarely seen at the opera, occupied the Royal Box, along with the Princess of Wales, and was warmly welcomed by the vast audience. But let it not be supposed that the enthusiastic reception was a mere piece of good-natured loyalty. "Diarmid" deserves the applause bestowed on it, for it is full of good music, and from the point of view of mere drama is excellent, save in the last act, which reaches an anti-climax in the composer's hands. The opera is founded on two Celtic legends about the Norse invasion of Ireland, or Scotia, as it was then called, in the second century. In order to thwart the possibility of routing the Norse, their goddess of love, Freya, familiarised in opera by Wagner, throws a spell over Diarmid, the hero of the Feinne (who were the ancient militia of Ireland), by which every woman he meets falls in love with him, and by which he is absolutely invulnerable, save at one spot on the sole of his foot. Grania, the queen of his race, duly becomes enamoured of him, and flies with him. He defeats the Norse, but at last comes across her husband, Fionn, who compels the hero to fight a boar. This he does. Then he is bid to measure it with the naked foot. There he fails, for a poisoned bristle enters his vulnerable sole and he dies. The first act shows us Diarmid repudiating the love of Eila, Fionn's daughter, and then his succumbing to Freya's spell. In the second act Eila comes as ambassador from her father to the Norse. Her mission fails, but Diarmid slays the Norse King Eragon. The third act opens with a weird fairy dance around the mighty circles of standing stones, and, later, the meeting of Grania, the Queen, and her capture of Diarmid's heart, which had been dead to her step-daughter, Eila's, appeal. The last act opens with the joyousness of Diarmid and Grania, and ends with the vengeance of Fionn, her husband, when he indirectly murders her lover by means of the poisoned bristle. Mr. MacCunn has not risen to this last note of tragedy: hence the cooling off of interest in the scene. The opera, which is beautifully mounted, is well represented. Mr. Brozel as Diarmid sang with great distinction, but it is a pity he is not a little taller. Miss Kirkby Lunn (so excellent in "Shamus O'Brien") made the vocal hit of the evening as Eila, and Miss Agnes Janson was good as Freya, the Norse Venus. Madame Marie Duma was the Grania, singing her love-duets with great clearness, and Mr. Charles Tilbury gave a powerful picture of Eragon, the Norse King. King Fionn, Grania's husband, was possibly meant to be a rather poor creature. At any rate, Mr. Maggi did not impress one. The audience, who had cheered



MR. HAMISH MACCUNN, THE COMPOSER OF "DIARMID."

Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

Lord Lorne in the Royal Box, demanded his lordship's appearance on the stage along with Mr. MacCunn, who conducted, and would not disappear until the Marchioness herself, who looked very pleased, rose and bowed her acknowledgments.

"THE VAGABOND KING."

Mr. L. N. Parker's latest play, "The Vagabond King," was produced by Mr. Murray Carson, at the Theatre Métropole, Camberwell, last week. The play is conceived in the romantic and fantastic spirit of "The Prisoner of Zenda." It actually takes place in London, but it is all about a King of



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, THE WRITER OF "DIARMID."

Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

Peru. Don Pedro XIV. had lived for years in England with his proud mother, Donna Pia. When the curtain rises a great reception is being given in the royal abode in Park Lane. The King is to come into his own and be recognised as Prince of Peru; but just as the guests crowd round, a telegram brings word that a revolution has upset the dynasty, and confiscated the royal treasures. The Queen-Mother is not to be outdone. She resolves to hold on until happier days arrive. Her son is a light-hearted, easy-going youth, deeply in love with Stella Desmond, an English heiress—the product of commerce, the child of Protestantism. The Queen-Mother arranges a marriage between her son and Stella, eager to get the girl's money to carry on the plots for the crown, and feeling sure that she can break such a morganatic alliance at will. The establishment at Park Lane is run on Stella's money for two years. Don Pedro, in his happy-go-lucky way, has not a glimmer of an idea that he is living on his wife's money; but when it is all done, and the girl is miserable over a wicked (and, surely, needless) flirtation of her husband with a sham Greek princess (Miss Phyllis Broughton), who is aided and abetted by an Irish adventurer, the Chevalier Moffat (Mr. Sidney Brough), the fact is duly hammered into him by one of his parasites, the ex-King of Sardinia (Mr. George Grossmith junior). Only a thousand pounds more, pleads the Queen-Mother, and the crown is his, for spies have come with good tidings. But he will have none of that. He has awakened. He will be a man, as other men, and not a pasteboard princeling. The end of the third act, where he makes this declaration from the throne-steps, is very dramatic, and Mr. Carson seized his opportunity with brilliant effect. So the mansion in Park Lane vanishes. Don Pedro goes off on his quest for a manhood; his wife betakes herself to a pretty cottage on Highgate Hill, her heart, like Whittington's on the same spot, stirred by the sight of London Town at her feet, where her wanderer is fighting his battle. She waits and waits with aching heart, and at last the long-lost one appears, dusty, out-at-elbow, travel-stained, but buoyant, successful in a way, full of hope for the future. He has got "a job" as assistant to a fencing-master in Gray's Inn Road; he is earning his living; he is a man. The Queen-Mother makes a final appearance with an invitation from Peru for the King to come back; but the condition of having to give up his morganatic mate decides him. He is intensely sorry for his mother; but he is firm. So Peru lost its King, and Stella Desmond got her husband back; while the proud old Queen, with stateliness in every look and step, moves off in a melancholy way, frustrated after all her scheming and plotting. It needed a skilled hand sure of its touch to make all this quite credible; but Mr. Parker has done it, thanks to the services of an excellent company—Mr. Carson as Don Pedro, Miss Bateman as the Queen (a very striking impersonation), Miss Ashwell, burning with intensity, as Stella, and the rest, acting loyally.

THE GENTLE ART OF THE DAIRY-MAID.

The title of this article is less flippant than you might suppose. Romance, handed on by a hundred ballads, still hangs round the British dairy. Other countries, notably Denmark, have adopted the prosaic attitude of the scientist, and, poor as their country is in point of pasture, the Danes have created wealth for themselves by exporting butter by the ton to the British markets. Thus any attempt of the British farmer to waken up to the advances in dairying is to be welcomed, and that is why the show at the Agricultural Hall last week deserves attention. The total entries numbered 7973, against 7527 last year, and 5732 in 1893, which shows that our dairy-farmers are waking up. An excellent show of cows was to be seen, especially Jerseys and Guernseys, which are always pretty, and suit the tastes of the leisured agriculturist, while the more useful

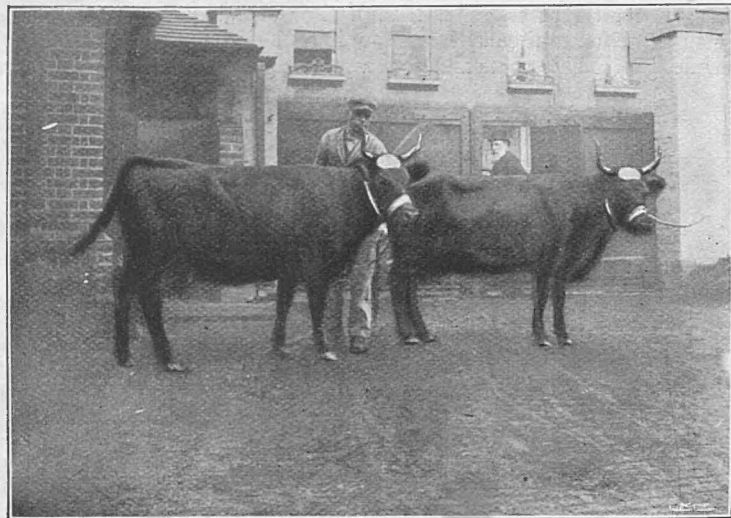


BUTTER-MAKING COMPETITION IN THE WORKING DAIRY.

new radiator, provided with intermediate cooler, so as to work without ice, with a new kind of separating-bowl, churning-bowl, and cooling-chamber inside the rotating bowl, and which can, when unscrewed, be used for separating cream instead of for making butter. The cost of the machine is only fifty-one pounds.

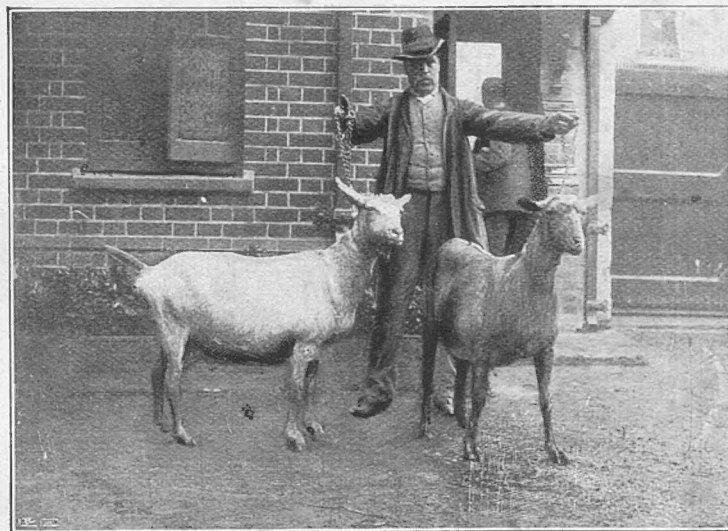
The "fancy" or ornamental designs in butter were very grotesque. Some of the exhibitors had tormented the butter into the form of roses, and even mushrooms, while one loyalist had made a butter Jubilee crown.

The British cheese on view was quite up to the high standard of last year. The best clotted cream came from the Cathedral Dairy, in Exeter, the best ordinary from the Court Farm, Hillingdon. There were 2004 fowls and 2659 pigeons, to say nothing of ducks, geese, and turkeys, so that it was impossible to give



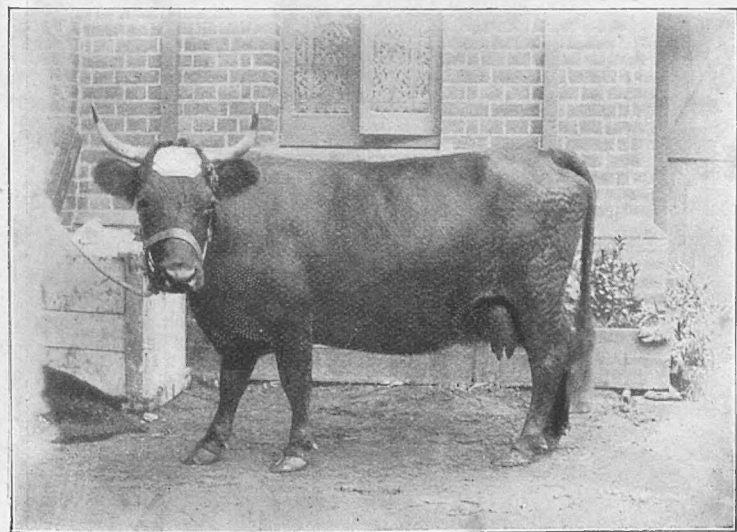
DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE'S PRIZE KERRY COWS.

shorthorn is the favourite of the hardworking farmer. The machinery exhibited was unusually interesting. A medal went to the new small-size baby turbine separator shown by the Dairy Supply Company. This is fitted with improved spring bearing, and has a capacity of fifty gallons per hour. Another medal was carried off by a Swedish firm for a

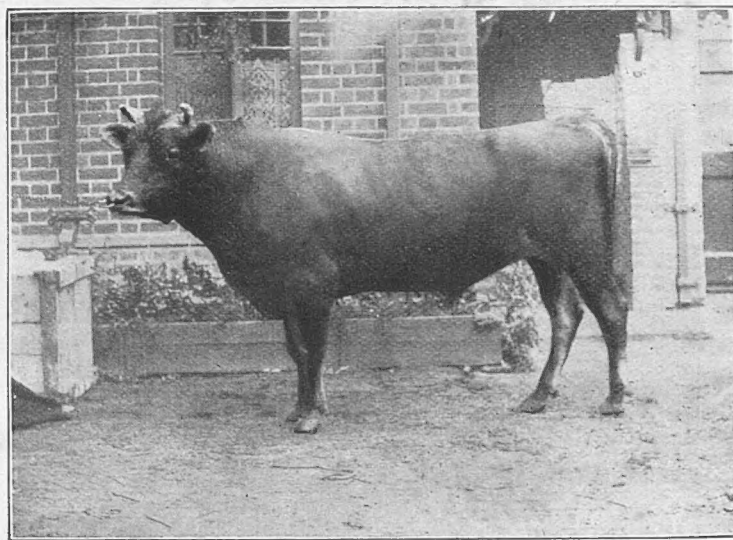


SIR H. DE TRAFFORD'S GOATS (FIRST PRIZE AND CHAMPIONSHIP).

each bird the attention its merits warranted. The show was a splendid one, especially in Dorkings, Cochins, Brahmas, and Orpingtons, and what between the lowing of the kine and the crowing of the roosters, Islington became for the nonce an animated farmyard. Yet the good these shows do can scarcely be questioned.



COUNTESS DE LA WARR'S DEXTER COW (FIRST PRIZE).

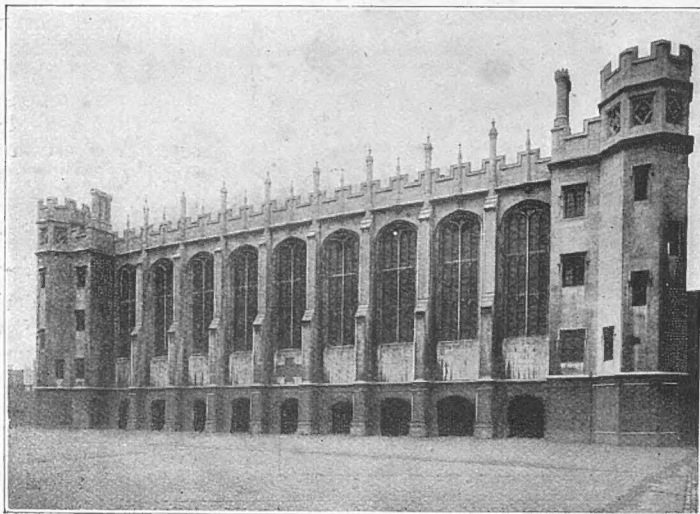


MR. W. MCKENZIE BRADLEY'S JERSEY BULL (FIRST PRIZE).

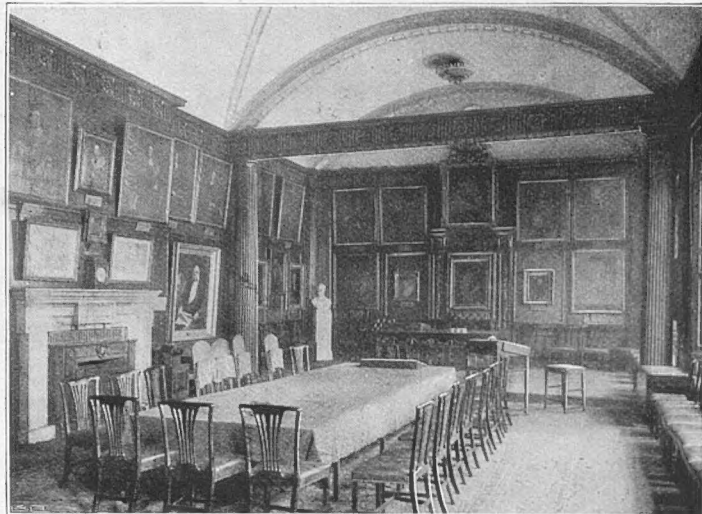
THE BLUECOAT BOYS.

The foundation-stone of the new school at Horsham, which the Prince of Wales laid on Saturday, indicates clearly that the busy Londoner is to be robbed of the sight of the Bluecoat Boys who have long cast a glamour of old-world romance over that district dominated by St. Martin's-le-Grand, which means to swallow up the school which Edward VI.

has been deprecated, and that the newspapers have been flooded by a host of letters condemning the new site. The school started in 1553 with the money of Edward VI. and the blessing of Bishop Ridley. It was housed in the Greyfriars Monastery, but, as that suffered much in the Great Fire, it was rebuilt in 1680 by Sir John Frederick and re-edified by Sir Robert Clayton, and in 1825 the Duke of York reopened the new hall. Other additions have been made from time to time. The site has been coveted by City "improvers" for a long time. In



EXTERIOR OF THE LARGE HALL.



THE COURT ROOM.

founded more than three centuries ago. Through the bars of the grim cast-iron railings, so insistent of modern mechanicalism, how many a Londoner has paused to watch the little old-fashioned gentlemen, in their buckled shoes, their yellow stockings, their corduroy breeches, and with long blue coats and ecclesiastical bands, pacing the quadrangle seriously, like so many hapless monks, in front of the grey old building, or, with coat-tails tucked up into their leathern waist-belts, chasing the ball or wielding the hockey-stick. Small wonder that the removal to Horsham

1872 no less than £600,000 was offered for the ground, in order to make a new street and railway under it, but it still lingers. Among the famous pupils have been Coleridge, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and some of the greatest Grecians of our country. Until fifty years ago the boys used to take their milk from wooden bowls and their beer from wooden mugs; but all that is gone, though they still have a special Spital sermon preached to them. Long may it be before they have to abandon their delightful blue coats and yellow stockings!



EXTERIOR OF WARDS AND PART OF THE NEW CLOISTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAS, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

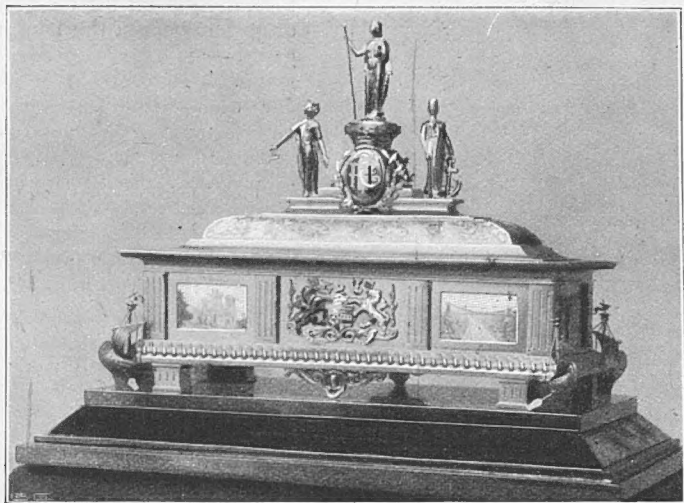
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SMALL TALK.

In receiving the freedom of Stirling the other day, Lord Rosebery remarked on the delight with which such an honour, unique in its way, is received by public men. That delight must be enhanced when the casket containing the freedom is of such a kind as that presented by Bristol to the Marquis of Dufferin. The centre obverse of body has the full arms, crests, and motto and supporters of the Marquis. On one side of this is an enamel painted view of the Suspension Bridge, and on the other a view of the Cathedral. The reverse centre has the inscription engraved upon it, and on each side of it is an enamel painted view. The end panels are occupied by the arms, crest, motto, and supporters of the City of Bristol.

Some weeks prior to the attempt on the evening of Oct. 11 to rush the fort at Mandalay, tidings reached this country that, owing to various

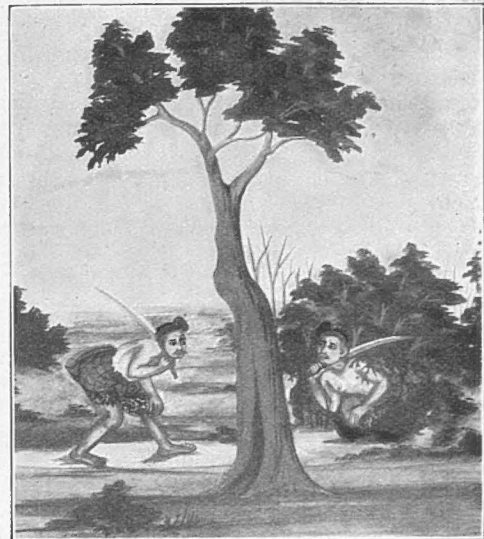


BRISTOL'S CASKET TO LORD DUFFERIN.

circumstances, the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Scots there was practically without superior officers. Colonel Ross, of the 1st Battalion of the regiment, stationed at Edinburgh, was immediately appointed to the supreme command of the battalion in Mandalay, and to-morrow he leaves Southampton by the *Dunera*. A typical soldier, wholly engrossed in the welfare of his troops—the efficiency and smartness of his battalion evoked praise from the Duke of Connaught at Aldershot last year, and their equipment and drill extorted a similar compliment the other day from General Chapman—Colonel Ross has won the gratitude of a large section of Edinburgh citizens by the music he has been the means of providing on Sundays by the regimental band. With characteristic outspokenness, Colonel Ross declares that he started the “band performances not to please the public, but to please my men”; and, alluding in his parting address to his regiment to the irksome duty that sometimes devolved upon them as pickets in the High Street, he had the temerity to remark that he “did not know why it was called the High Street, as it was the lowest of the low streets he had ever seen.” In concluding his farewell address, the Colonel said they had “the photograph of the Queen in their barrack, to remind them that she, the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, the only earthly Queen of Queens, was born in the regiment of which her father, the Duke of Kent, was Colonel for seventeen years. They knew it, because they had it from her Majesty’s lips, that she took a personal interest in the regiment. Let them continue to deserve that interest.”

While the recent attack on the fort at Mandalay is fresh in mind, it is worth seeing the Burman’s

idea of a dacoit. This picture was painted by a native artist in Rangoon, whose acquaintance with gang-robbers is probably neither more nor less than that of any respectable London house-painter with the burgling fraternity. Furnish any five Burmans of ordinary spirit with opportunity and weapons, and you have potential dacoits. You cannot do it with fewer than five, because that is the minimum recognised by the Indian Penal Code. These specimens of the class are supposed to be in the act of preparing an ambush for the police, but do not appear to possess that robust confidence in their talismans against death by violence which distinguished the Mandalay gang three weeks ago. It is noteworthy, however, that the Burman’s staunchest admirers have never claimed personal courage as one of his attributes, and the average dacoit is only one degree less cowardly than the unfortunate villager he attacks.



BURMESE DACOITS.

From India’s coral strand, otherwise the administrative offices of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, Victoria Terminus, Bombay, a correspondent who has the interests of *Sketch* readers in the Orient at heart sends me the accompanying photograph, taken just after an interesting ceremony, which took place on Sept. 1, at the depot aforementioned. The function consisted of the presentation of an illuminated address, enclosed in an elaborate silver casket of native workmanship, to the General Manager, Mr. Henry Conder, who has retired after thirty-one years’ service. The presentation was made by the outdoor staff of the railway. Mr. Conder is a valued official, greatly beloved by all his colleagues and subordinates, and his retirement, in consequence of failing health, has caused universal regret.



MEMBERS OF THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY'S STAFF.

Photo by Raja Deen Dayal, Bombay.

The 2nd Battalion Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians) will be stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the course of a few weeks, and it is proposed that, during its stay in Canada, the battalion and a cricket team shall be sent on a tour through the Dominion. A Canadian correspondent in an evening paper objects to the title "Royal Canadians," and to its being called the "national regiment," pointing out that Canada maintains a "Royal Canadian Regiment" as part of its small but efficient permanent force. He says: "The 2nd Battalion Leinster Regiment, though certainly raised in Canada many years ago, is in no way its national regiment." He is wrong in his facts. The battalion was not raised in Canada, but, strange to say, in India, from the East India Company's European troops. Until the Territorial scheme came into effect, it appeared in the "Army List" as the 109th Bombay Infantry.

The 1st Battalion, however, was raised in Canada, in 1858, and until its transformation into an Irish regiment appeared in the "List" as the 100th (Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian). It has seen no war-service since its formation, and yet one of the two honours borne by the regiment is "Niagara." This was derived from another 100th Regiment, which fought at Fort Niagara in 1813 and was disbanded soon after. The other honour is "Central India," and belongs to the 2nd Battalion, which saw much fighting during the Mutiny, and in 1862 received a reinforcement of five hundred men from the Jäger Corps of the "British German Legion" of Crimean days. A stroke of the pen is sufficient to transform a Canadian or Bombay regiment into an Irish one, and has even made a regiment with its depot in Dorsetshire become a Highland regiment, the kilts, of course, being added. The present 1st Battalion of the Gordons, then called the 75th (Stirlingshire), which has been distinguishing itself against the Afridis, had its recruiting centre for many years at Dorchester or Weymouth before assuming its present title. Another stroke of the pen turned the 99th Duke of Edinburgh's (Lanarkshire) Regiment into the 2nd Battalion Wiltshire Regiment. The pen is indeed mightier than the sword!



MR. MICHAEL WEBSTER
Photo by Lloyd, Carlton.

This man has saved the lives of no fewer than twenty-nine persons, and yet he has been passed over from time to time without recognition, without applause, without publicity; but such, nevertheless, is the story of Michael Webster, the lock-keeper at Carlow-Graigue, whose heroism is now attracting much interest in the South of Ireland. Unassuming modesty on his own part and extraordinary supineness on the part of his neighbours have hitherto drawn a veil over his deeds of daring, and it was only when he rescued a young lad from

drowning, a short time ago, that Carlow people, incited thereto by Mr. R. Langran, bestirred themselves to obtain for Webster the reward of the Royal Humane Society. Much to the disappointment of the agitators, the certificate, not the gold medal, was forwarded; however, a fund was raised, and a purse of sovereigns made a pleasing addition to the vellum document presented to Webster a few days ago in Carlow Town Hall. Born near the canal, he learned to swim at a very early age, and was barely fifteen when he rescued a blacksmith who on a dark night walked into the canal. The next occasion was the overturning of a boat, when he saved three girls; then a woman at New Ross, and a boy who fell into a deep canal-lock in Dublin. On the occasion of some aquatic sports at Pembroke, he saved a soldier and two other men who fell into the water. Numerous other cases Webster may be reluctantly induced to talk about, his most critical rescue being when he had a terrible struggle in the water with a poor girl who had suddenly gone mad and wanted to commit suicide; she pulled and struck him and nearly tore off his clothes, but eventually he overcame her and brought her ashore. His most recent case was that of Mr. Abney Connor's young son, whom he saved a short time ago, and who, with his father, was an interested spectator at the proceedings in the Town Hall. It is a remarkable fact that Webster has never failed in an attempted rescue and has never in any case received any assistance. Long may he live to enjoy the title conferred on him by his fellow-townsmen: "The Hero of Carlow-Graigue."

At a time when the name of Tennyson is so much in evidence, it is not inopportune to call to mind the fact that a poet of whom nowadays one seldom hears mention made or sees his work alluded to in the Press, but who was once regarded by many capable authorities as a rival of the late Laureate, is still living. It was of Gerald Massey, now in his seventieth year, that Matthew Arnold wrote, "I do not myself think that in this new volume of his (Tennyson) he proves, except for the first moment of publication, a dangerous competitor." A sketch of Massey from the pen of Dr. Samuel Smiles, it is interesting to record, appeared in "Eliza Cook's Journal" nearly fifty years ago, and his poems had the distinction of critical review by Walter Savage Landor; but perhaps most interesting of all is the fact that the poems of this Friend of the

People received honourable mention in the last "leader" written by Hugh Miller. "With all the marked individuality of original genius," remarked the gifted editor of the *Witness*, "Gerald Massey reminds us more of Keats than of any other English poet."

Miss Plowman, the Lady Superintendent of the nurses who are engaged at Maidstone, was trained at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. After this she was a Sister for three years at the Manchester Children's Hospital, Pendlebury, and for five years Lady Superintendent at the Manchester Fever Hospital.



MISS PLOWMAN.

The Maidstone epidemic and the alarm concerning the sewage brook at Leyton naturally turn one's thoughts to the subject of disinfectants, for it appears that, despite all the obligations of public bodies, the true safeguards against disease lie at home. The "XL" Automatic Jar seems likely, under the circumstances, to come into great favour, for all you need do is simply to place one of the jars in the cistern and leave it to do its beneficent work of its own accord. It appears that one will do its work efficiently for a year.

A series of motor-car records has to be mentioned this week. In the first place there is the successful attempt of the Hon. Evelyn Ellis to mount the Worcestershire Beacon, a height of 1644 feet, with the new steering-gear on a Daimler motor. Mr. Ellis, who, as you know, introduced the first machine of this kind into England, was accompanied by his little daughter and three friends. The carriage ran from Malvern Link to the Westminster Hotel, a distance of 2½ miles and an elevation of 800 feet, in twenty-three minutes; and then from the Westminster to the top of the Beacon, the distance being 1800 yards and an elevation of 640 feet, the greater portion of the road being at a gradient of 1 foot in 4½ feet and 1 foot in 5½ feet. The fact of a motor-carriage having made such a steep ascent as the Beacon speaks well for the important part the motors will play in the future. This carriage has attained a speed of over thirty miles an hour on a trial-trip of ten miles on the road.

On Wednesday Mr. Henry Sturme, of Coventry, reached Land's End, having started from John o' Groat's House, nine hundred and twenty-nine miles away, on Oct. 2, and accomplished the journey at the rate of ten miles an hour. This is, perhaps, the longest continuous tour yet made in this country with a motor-car. Much of the ground was very hilly. Mr. Sturme used a Daimler car, fitted with a four horse-power motor, propelled by benzoline, and was accompanied by one servant. He carried 300 lb. of luggage.

We are very apt to think ourselves in advance of other nations, but it is a fact, and somewhat significant, that our French neighbours have taken far more kindly to horseless carriages than we have. Indeed, in an excellent monthly publication, *Le Moniteur Automobile*, is given each month a survey of the new inventions and discoveries affecting motor-cars of every kind both in France and abroad, and from one of its numbers I gather some curious particulars as to the actual prices paid by those who care to indulge themselves in a horseless carriage. A phaeton-like conveyance, holding four, two back and two front, with six horse-power, and which can travel backwards or forwards at from twenty to thirty miles an hour, can be obtained for 5000 francs (£200); but I note with more interest that a good many second-hand horseless vehicles are coming into the market. A Victoria, "suitable for a medical man," travelling some ten miles an hour, is offered at £135; a gig, built by the well-known automobile makers, Panhard and Levassor, though only holding two, will cost its second owner £160. The possessor of a motor-tricycle, travelling at the rate of "a horse and a quarter," is open to offers! Then among other advertisements are those inserted by would-be motor-car drivers, and one motor engineer offers to give lessons in the art of managing a horseless carriage.



THE HON. EVELYN ELLIS.
Photo by Norman May, Malvern.

In fact, it seems not unlikely that Paris will soon become a city entirely given over to horseless traffic. The French postal authorities

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Mr. Aubrey Stewart's book of "English Epitaphs and Epigrams" seems to have awakened interest anew in the subject of old tombstone inscriptions; it has, at any rate, occasioned some entertaining correspondence regarding the original of the quaint lines inscribed on a mural tablet in Elgin Cathedral burial-ground. The two versions of this epitaph—which may also be found in graveyards in Kent and Herts—given in the *Academy* recently, though nearer grammatical accuracy, lack the terse character of the North Country epitaph, which in all probability was suggested to the old-time versifier, as has been conjectured, by the play "The Two Noble Kinsmen," published in 1634. Be that as it may, the following literal transcription settles the matter as to dates—

1687.
HEIR IS THE BURIAL PLACE
APPOINTED FOR JOHN
GEDDES GLOVER BUR
GES IN ELGIN
AND ISOHELL
MCKEAN HIS SPOUSE
& TER RELATION

THIS WORLD IS A CITE
FULL OF STREETS &
DEATH IS THE MERCAT
THAT ALL MEN MEETS
IF LIFE WERE A THING
THAT MONIE COULD
BUY THE POOR COULD
NOT LIVE AND THE RICH
WOULD NOT DIE.

I am indebted to Mr. H. D. Curtis for the accompanying photograph of a cockatoo which he brought from Western Australia in 1874. Even then the bird was of mature age, and still it lives. Its imitative and elocutionary powers are remarkable.



AN AGED COCKATOO.

Never was there a time when advertisement had such colossal sway as it now has. Little did Macaulay think, when he made his famous remark about advertisement being to commerce as steam to machinery, what prodigious developments in the art of advertising would take place. At the present a record is being made by Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. Not content with advertising prodigiously in almost all the other papers of importance, it is making a tremendous appeal to the public by means of illustrated full-page articles in the *Daily Telegraph*. Such

articles cost £200 apiece, and the Vi-Cocoa has invested in ten of them; £2000 in one paper in a period of ten consecutive days is, no doubt, a record. Advertising is nowadays a kind of fine art, and such an effect as Dr. Tibbles is attaining is not due to the efforts of amateurs, but of Smiths' Advertising Agency of Fleet Street. By-the-bye, Smiths issue annually a book called "Successful Advertising," which is amusing as well as instructive.

I am always amused by the way in which Americans, as reported in their papers, lose their heads over dancing-girls. The other day it was Anna Held; to-day it is Cléo de Mérode. The *New York World*, for instance, breaks out in a whole page, in which Cléo tells of "how I repulsed the King of the Belgians." Her autograph letter is transcribed line for line, with the translation affixed; and a highly imaginative group shows the young French dancer waving off the outstretched hand of gallant King Leopold. The affair has aroused a good deal of amusement in Paris; indeed, the *Figaro* devoted a somewhat satirical leaderette to the incident, giving long extracts from an interview held by some New York lady journalist with the mother of the fair Cléo. According to this *fin-de-siècle* "Madame Cardinal," her little daughter only attracted in the most legitimate and artistic fashion the attention of the King and of his suite. He asked to be introduced to her, and some time later sent her some trifling mark of his approval, and from these simple facts arose a legend the echo of which found its way even to America. Naturally, the Sunday papers got hold of the story, but it remained for the *World* to receive the following note from the libelled lady: "Sir,—Never having had any relations whatever with the King of the Belgians, and never having received him at home, I beg you not to make any reference to his Majesty." "The land of the free, the home of the demoralised," as

Puck once audaciously described its own country, pays a comical deal of attention to the doings of royalty. Most of us can remember the absurd story which was current at one time all over the American continent, setting forth that Miss Mary Anderson, in answer to an intimation that the Prince of Wales would be pleased to make her acquaintance, had sent back the haughty message that she could receive his Royal Highness only in the presence of her mother!

Among the famous breed of royal cats from Siam, Sura (late Prince Damrong) is among the most important. He was bought by the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison last year, but, as his mistress was leaving England for India, he was placed in the care of Miss Manley, who is well known as one of the most popular and capable lady judges at both dog and cat shows. Sura was taken to Kensington, and soon became devoted to Miss Manley's lovely little King Charles, Boscobel. The beautiful pair are never apart. They eat out of the same dish, sleep together on the fur hearthrug, Sura making "Bossie's" body his pillow, and they often go out for a walk together on the same lead. When photographed recently at the bas-relief studio in Dover Street, Sura proved utterly unmanageable until his friend was placed on the table beside him, when he sat quietly and condescended to have his portrait taken. At home Sura is a charming cat, showing a pleasing curiosity in the doings of all Miss Manley's friends. He has every desired point in full perfection—the close, fine fur, cream-colour with chocolate markings, the most brilliant china-blue eyes, and the requisite "kink" at the end of his tail which distinguishes him as one of the royal cats of Siam. He is by the famous King Kesho and Lady Betty, and was born in July 1896.



SIAMESE CAT, SURA.

Photo by Taber, Dover Street, W.

Among long-haired cats, Mrs. E. Lenty Collins's lovely pure white Persian, Krishna, is a lovely specimen. He is between four and five years old.

Princess Christian laid the first stone of the institute attached to St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, on Wednesday. The solid silver trowel used at the ceremony was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company.

The issue of the *Revue de France* for November is devoted exclusively to works by women in such diverse departments as politics, literature, music, and drawing. Well edited, such a special number ought to possess intrinsic as well as adventitious interest.

Eleonora Duse has made the interesting confession that of all the audiences before whom she has played those of the Dutch theatres have been to her the least sympathetic, so stolid and undemonstrative these playgoers of the Netherlands are. Certainly Signora Duse could not apply similar epithets to her admirers here in London.



PERSIAN CAT, KRISHNA.

Photo by Taber, Dover Street, W.

Everybody has heard of the "Cent-Kilo Club." Well, the latest recruit is a gentleman weighing 448 lb. This big man is a commercial traveller of middle-height, and his enormous size does not seem to worry him at all.

"Une singulière nouvelle nous arrive d'Angleterre." Thus the Paris *Figaro*. The occasion is really the jingle ("soi-disant poésie") which I wrote about the curious sale of French swords at a shop in Green Street, Leicester Square. Passing the shop by accident, I was struck by the sight, and rattled off the verses. The shopkeeper, whom I did not know from Adam, reprinted them, and now the editor of the *Figaro* writes an angry leader about my "inintelligible charabia," turning my jingle into French prose. Here is a reprint. I parodied Mrs. Norton thus—

The soldier of the Legion who, dying in Algiers,
Persuaded Mrs. Norton's muse to drop poetic tears,
Might possibly have liked to live till Britain's blood was shed,
Than see her sell the swords of France at eightpence a head.

The *Figaro* twists me like this—

Le légionnaire qui, en mourant à Alger, fit venir à la muse de son histoire des larmes poétiques, aurait probablement aimé à vivre jusqu'à ce que le sang de l'Anglais fût versé, plutôt que de le voir vendre les épées de la France à 2 francs!

I can't understand how I can have been "inintelligible" when the editor of the *Figaro* has actually based a leader on my "soi-disant poésie." He feels very much hurt by my remarks. Let me assure him that I hold France in high esteem, and if I cannot condemn as he does the "ignoble trafic," it is because my sense of sentimentalism is less strong than his. Far be it from me to hurt the feelings of France. I can only hope that the *Figaro* will not wreak its vengeance on the writer of "At Random," who is touring Touraine at this moment.

I fear that the glorification of Nelson last Thursday will not mollify the editor of the *Figaro*. Verily England rose on one of her rare flights of hero-worship that day. The column was beautifully decorated. The waist half-way up—a hundred and twenty feet from the base—had become a naval crown, six feet high and weighing eight hundredweight. Around the pedestal one read (along with the name of William Whiteley) such mottoes as "God and my country," "Lest we forget," and "England expects." Some lovely wreaths decorated the base, and at night the great Admiral stood out clear and strong amid the flash of several search-lights.

By the way, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody issued a bronze statuette of Lord Nelson by Mr. J. H. M. Furse. It was cast by the Cire Perdue process, and each copy was examined and passed by the sculptor before publication. The statuette, including pediment, is twenty-eight inches in height. The price was thirty-five guineas (net).

The drinking-fountain in memory of Sir Augustus Harris is to be unveiled on Monday. The statue of Sir Augustus which adorns it is by Mr. Brock, R.A. The one by Mr. Whitehead, which I reproduced last week, is for Lady Harris. By mistake I said it was for the fountain.

I see it stated that Mr. Hooley has acquired a mansion—that of the late Lord Hindlip—in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. Hill Street has been the abode of fashionables for many a long year, and many eminent persons, especially in the last century, have resided there. The "good" Lord Lyttelton, as he was called, and his son, who was distinguished as the "wicked" Lord Lyttelton, both lived in Hill Street, and there the latter peer is said to have had that extraordinary prophetic vision which foretold his death in November 1779. Admiral Byng, who was shot, as, if I remember rightly, the French writer said, "to encourage the others," was an inhabitant of Hill Street; and so was Lord Malmesbury, whose diary had an important bearing on the unfortunate marriage-relations of George IV. It was in Hill Street that Mrs. Montague, "the witty and the learned," gave those noted parties of which Mrs. Delany, among others, wrote, and here her dressing-room, decorated with "little Cupids in all their little wanton ways," caused considerable astonishment to that lady, who could only suppose that she looked on herself as "the wife of old Vulcan and the mother of all those little gods." It was Mrs. Montague, I believe, who, quarrelling with Horace Walpole, informed that witty gentleman that she "didn't care three skips of a louse for his opinion," a sentiment that elicited the following severe impromptu—

Mrs. Montague tells me, and in her own house,
That she does not regard me three skips of a louse;
But I really don't mind what the fair lady said,
For women will talk of what runs in their head!

The London of Charles Dickens is disappearing bit by bit. The chambers in Furnival's Inn, where the immortal novelist began those "Pickwick Papers" that set all London talking, are pulled down, or will soon be so, at the instance of the Prudential Insurance Company, who are extending their already huge premises. On the other side of Holborn there is advertised for sale a property around which the great author wrote a vivid chapter, in one of his most vivid and picturesque works. "All's over now," said the vintner. "Fifty thousand pounds will be scattered in a minute. We must save ourselves"; and then comes that wonderful episode in Dickens's wonderful picture of the Gordon Riots in "Barnaby Rudge," when Mrs. Haredale (who, I believe, was the actual owner of the distillery the site of which will be disposed of by auction) and the vintner escaped through the vaults from those armed men "thirsting for those treasures of strong liquor which they knew were stored within." Dickens's picture of the historic distillery and its destruction is probably an accurate one, for in the preface to his wonderful tale he says, "in the description of the principal outrages, reference has been had to the best authorities of that time, such as they are; the account given in this tale of all the main features of the Riot is substantially correct."

It is time the churchwardens of St. Giles, Camberwell, the edifice which not long since obtained some notice on account of the effigies of recent and contemporary statesmen which figure on the tower flanking one of its porches, were apprised of the neglected condition of the burial-ground behind the church, which has been a place of sepulture for well-nigh two centuries. A portion of the ground looks as if it had been for a considerable time the dumping-place for disused culinary utensils and other household refuse from adjoining terraces. One would not so readily complain of the long neglect of some of the tombs, evidenced, in one instance, by the growth of a plane-tree tilting a large table-monument several degrees from the horizontal. It was here the wife of John Wesley was interred in Oct. 1781; the inscription is now obliterated, but it set forth her virtues as a friend, but was silent respecting her wifely shortcomings. Here, also, is the last resting-place of a famous Democrat in the early years of the century—"Equality" Brown of Peckham. There are many commonplace verses characteristic of the early half of the present century on the time-worn gravestones; but the only one worth quotation is that to a forgotten parishioner—

He was—but words are wanting to say what;
Think of an honest man, and he was that.

The National Skating Palace, in Argyll Street, Regent Street, has reopened for the winter season under the management of Mr. Nelson Reed. Last Friday week was the occasion of the opening, so I paid a short visit, and found the house looking as pleasant as ever, and crowded from end to end. The arrangements for the present season slightly differ from those of last year. There will be no closing time during the day; the rink will be open for twelve hours, from eleven in the morning. Special arrangements have been made for dinners and lunches, and the series of carnival balls will be resumed. All these are glad tidings, but I am sorry to say that the Sunday Club will not be continued. As Mr. Reed pointed out, the strain on the staff would be unbearable without one day's rest in the week. I quite agree with him, but regret that nothing can be done to run the Sunday Club with the aid of another staff, and so help to remove the terrible dullness of the London Sunday.

Thorough success marked the first of the three experimental Sunday Evening Sacred Concerts at the Oxford Music Hall. The programme was well put together. I would suggest, however, that in future it would be best to eliminate Latin, French, and Italian, and stick to the language best "understood of the people." Among the vocalists were Madame Bertha Moore, Miss Lucy Clarke, Miss Marie Elba, Mr. Reginald Groome, and Mr. Franklin Clive. The Albion Military Band gave efficient assistance.

The London School Board truant would be pleased if he could know that the Wild Indian child also objects violently to free education. Indeed, quite lately a troop of American cavalry had to be sent to escort a number of young Indian girls to school. The braves, and there are a good many of them left still among the fast-disappearing tribes, claim every one of their girls as the wife of somebody, even if she be not more than nine years old, and nine out of every ten Indian fathers would far rather see their daughters working than studying. Accordingly, it is no easy matter to fill the Government school now maintained in Idaho specially for the use of Indian children—indeed, the state of things seems likely to end in a revolt. The old squaws have all joined in a conspiracy to keep the girls from going to school, and in many cases lovely "Running Water" is married up in order that she may defy the school inspector. This is proceeding to extreme measures with a vengeance.

Hewett, the keeper at Brightling Park in Sussex, should be a proud man; it is not every English gamekeeper who sees his name blazoned in the papers as the slayer of a pelican, with measurements, weight, and description attached. It was a pity to shoot that pelican. I had a nodding acquaintance with it at Kew, and if Hewett had whistled or called the bird, he might almost have weighed and measured it alive. Possibly he did, and mistook its prompt acceptance of the invitation for hostile intent, in which case, probably, he expects congratulation for showing an intrepid front to a bird more formidable-looking even than a tame swan. I think I see the old bird coming up full-steam in hopes of a sandwich or an apple-core, while Hewett with beating heart held his fire till the monster "charged home." I am afraid, however, it is only the old story over again—"Ere's a stranger; 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

A very curious essay has been made by Mr. Howard Ince in the current number of the *Architectural Review*—namely, a ground plan and elevation of the Castle of Zenda constructed from Mr. Anthony Hope's description. The article, "Architecture in Poetry and Fiction," which it illustrates, is most amusing. Mr. Hope is congratulated on his "splendidly constructed piece of architecture. He must have studied it long and carefully."

The appropriate use of the preposition is not appreciated apparently by Edinburgh. One day last week the *Scotsman* headed an article "Signs of Recovery in Trade at India."

The *Quilldriver* is the name of the latest monthly. It is described as "a monthly chap-book of unconventional current announcements, criticisms, and reviews," and is "the journal of the Roxburgh Press." Authors review their own books in it. Thus, in the opening number Mr. George Barlow reviews his own tragedy, "Jesus of Nazareth."



HOW NELSON WAS HONOURED IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON TRAFALGAR DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

The oldest woman in Ireland has passed away at the venerable age of a hundred and seventeen.

She died nicely (writes a neighbour of forty years' standing), of no particular sickness that could be made out, and she had her senses to the last. She could

give a name to the voice of every neighbour that stopped at the door to ask how she was, and a week before her death could thread the eye of the finest needle. She was a real hardworking woman all her life; she hawked dilsk in the old times, and earned enough with it to buy a lock of meal for the wee ones. She was always so honest in her dealings that everyone liked to have dealings with her.

Bridget McHugh was "a widow woman" before the Queen came to the throne, and nobody now living who had "dealings" with her can remember the existence of Mr. McHugh. She had five children, three sons, two of whom sailed across the seas when the century was young, and were not heard of again. Mrs. McHugh leaves one daughter and several great-grandchildren.

On Sept. 7, 1789, Bridget Byrne, a buxom lass of seventeen, was spinning in her mother's kitchen in a lonely hamlet



MRS. MCHUGH, AGED 117 YEARS.

Photo by Orr, Londonderry.

of Donegal, when the loud booming of cannon from the sea brought all the women in alarm to their cottage doors. As they wondered what the strange sound was, a horseman galloped past from Glenties shouting glorious news. The French were in Killala Bay; they had routed the English at every point; and Napper Tandy, at the head of another Franco-Irish force, was sailing into Burton Port. The 23rd of May of the same year was fixed for a general insurrection; but Lord Castlereagh, getting wind of the plot, had the leaders arrested, notably Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the Sheares. The vivid memory of those stirring times remained with Mrs. McHugh to the end, while other historical events of later years seemed to have made but slight impression. The isolation and poverty of her long life kept her away from the great onward rush of the century. She never had time or opportunity "to get the English," and in her interviews with tourists the presence of an interpreter was necessary. Incredible though it may seem, she had never seen a steam-engine nor a gas-lit street. When Mr. Balfour built a railway to Glenties, the nearest town, she was too decrepit to undertake the journey. In her youth she was a bit of a traveller. For twenty years after her husband's death she supported herself and her children by hawking a species of seaweed called "dilsk" from townland to townland, sometimes covering twenty miles in the day. The handsome shawl shown in her picture was the gift of a Cockney tourist.

Speaking of centenarianism, I recently saw a photograph of a group of old people at the village of Wigginton, near Tring, whose united ages amounted to 1696 years—the most juvenile member of the group being 70 years of age, and the eldest 91. When the photograph was taken they had just been entertained by Canon Valpy, of Winchester (who owns an estate, Champneys, near Wigginton), the photograph being taken by his sister, Mrs. Darroch. Canon Valpy has just hung a large copy of this group, with names and ages affixed, in the Wigginton Parish Hall, a most complete building, which he last year presented to the village. Betty Leatherton, another ancient dame who was a native of this district, died some years ago at the great age of 112 years. Her case was investigated at the time, and the age given was found to be correct. Betty used to travel the country-side with string nets of her own making. She was always well treated, and every Sessions day would make her way to the Town Hall, where the magistrates were sitting, being sure of a tip from them as they passed out. She was generally dressed in a red cloak, with a red handkerchief round her head, capped by a black poke-bonnet, and was often smoking a short black pipe. She retained her health and strength long after she had passed her centenary, gleaming in the harvest-field and tramping the country-side with her wares. Her funeral was witnessed by a great concourse of people, and I recently met a man who boasted that he helped to carry her to her grave, which may be seen in Tring Cemetery.

From where do theatrical managers dig deadheads up? The first-night deadheads are the select part of the species—usually hangers-on

at a certain cheaply "smart" club; the slap-you-on-the-back, "how-are-you-old-chap" type. The genesis of that crowd I know. But there is a different kind altogether that you see in theatres that are on shaky ground, and that are being assiduously filled with free seats. Few sights are so depressing as that—a bad play and a reserved-seat audience evidently out of place and ill at ease, and reacting in a melancholy way on the players. The other night it was my ill-fortune to have to go to such a theatre. The stalls were packed; but I knew at a glance they had not brought a penny to the place. Where do these good people come from, I wonder? They have the look of coming West once in a generation, and they all seem so uncomfortable and so apathetic in praise and blame alike. It is no touch of snobbery that makes one spot them. They proclaim their inappropriateness in every movement; they have such a shamefaced look of having been imposed upon. You might sum it up thus—

I know full well the "papered" house,
I know the look of deadhead stalls—
The lady in the frowzy blouse,
Beneath apologetic shawls,
Or more or less
The sort of "dress"
Intended for suburban balls.

I know the ghostly "swallow-tail"
Which clothes her whiskered cavalier;
You find it cut upon the scale
That pleased the bucks of yesteryear,
When Fluffy Z
(Forgot or dead)
Was such a dainty dancing dear.

The lady will not leave her wraps—
Beneath the seat she stows her hat.
Her husband's coat is creased perhaps,
His shirt is bulged instead of flat;
He's far from spry
And cannot tie
His resurrected white cravat.

The play is done, they seek the street,
And then, in spite of snow or rain,
They scurry off (upon their feet)
To catch the midnight local train.
Their "Laurelled" cot
They reach at what
Is verily an hour profane.

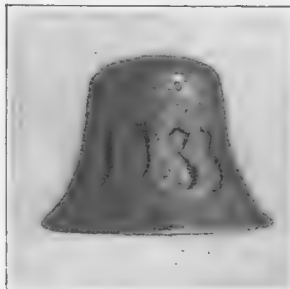
Dear relics of another day,
With mem'ries of a palmy age,
When Fanny Folly used to play
And Tootsie Something was the rage;
Ah, woe is me!
You only see
The rubbish of our modern stage!

I am indebted to Mr. H. Birch, of Lavenham, for this picture of an old bell which was found in the mud of a pond on Rocksie Farm, Suffolk. The bell bears the date 1133. Beside it were found a gold set of teeth and a broken pipe mounted with massive silver.

From dear old Madame Duperron, whose newspaper kiosk by the Grand Hotel is so familiar to all *Sketch*

readers in Paris, down to the small folk who sell their journals outside the wine-shops, there is a war against the decision of the Prefect of Police. In his wisdom he has come to the conclusion that their stalls are responsible for the eternal blockade of the pavements, and has ordered them to remove their stalls and bring them into line with the gutter. This decision means ruin more or less for the vendors of English journals, because half the purchasers only get their papers because they can see them, and do not know enough French to ask for them. With the cutting down of their space for exhibition, there are so many timid clients lost. The

cafés, which are really responsible for the blockade, have nothing to fear. They pay a tax to the Municipal Council for every table they put out on the *terrasse*, so the police have had to fall back on weaker vessels.



AN OLD BELL (1133).



BETTY LEATHERTON, AGED 112 YEARS.

Photo by Newman, Borkhamstead.

Fencing as a feminine recreation has clever representatives in the Misses Beatrice and Evelyn Bear, both of whom are graduates of the British College of Physical Education. The former is engaged in imparting her knowledge and great skill in fencing and gymnastics to the students of the Cheltenham Ladies' College, while the latter is one of the directors of the Holland Park School of Physical Education. Fencing gives a fine carriage and perfect control of the limbs, lissom, graceful attitudes, with great suppleness and quickness of movement. It has become an extremely scientific, precise, and elaborated art, with every move systematised and every method of attack and defence individually named. It not only brings into action nearly all the principal muscles of the body, but develops also the mental faculties. So much is the brain exercised that a fool, it is said, could never become a good fencer, even if he were endowed with the most excellent physical qualifications. Fencing, in fact, requires quickness of eye, extreme readiness of action, accurate muscular sense, great precision and fineness of movement, and perfect powers of ready co-ordination. It involves the practice of a quick decision, a rapid judgment, and a good memory. It may be said that, if it is possible to make a dull and apathetic man or woman "sharp," fencing will do it.



THE ATTACK AND PARRY.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE SALUTE: TAKING DISTANCE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Almost like a chapter out of Dickens reads the will of a most amiable Havre bachelor, who has left a number of legacies to all the individuals who had helped—innocently, it should be noted—to brighten his life. Domino-players at his favourite café, milliner girls who smiled at him of a morning, his newspaper-seller, and, in fact, everyone who had not glowered and gnarled at him, participated in the benefits of the old bachelor's fortune, the only condition being that they should not spend a sou on "the trappings and the suits of woe." In a sentence, the French parallel to the brothers Cheeryble held with Chamfort, "There is no day so misspent as that on which one has not laughed."

I recently came across a rather interesting instance of the unexpectedness of a jury's verdict, which gave a poor fellow his liberty who seemed, up to the last moment, to be fairly in for a term of imprisonment. It was at the London Sessions at Clerkenwell. The Chairman, Mr. McConnell, Q.C., and a sprinkling of Metropolitan magistrates and a jury, were trying a prisoner for attempting to steal a watch from a North Country farmer on a visit to the Metropolis. The evidence of the police seemed fairly conclusive. The prosecution relied upon the owner of the watch to supply the necessary corroboration, but this expectation was not entirely realised. He proved to be a Yorkshireman, with a bluff and hearty manner, and a decided preference for telling his story in his own way. The height of the fun was reached when the prisoner began to cross-examine, with a skill, I must admit, that fairly astonished the gentlemen in wig and gown. The northern farmer submitted to the ordeal

most innocently, and answered every question so quaintly and confidently that everybody laughed heartily at his growing confusion. For fully five minutes the comical pair had the stage to themselves entirely, and the situation was so lively that nobody seemed desirous of curtailing it. Intoxicated with the effect he was producing, the prisoner finally convulsed the court by boldly declaring his belief that the watch didn't belong to the farmer at all, and the latter left the box looking quite stunned with this parting blow. Mr. McConnell then turned to the still smiling jurymen and reviewed the evidence. He seemed to convey the impression that the salient facts of the case had not been seriously impaired by the humorous cross-examination, but the jury, to his palpable astonishment and that of the court, thought otherwise, and acquitted the prisoner.

The seaside in autumn is not an unmixed success, as I found lately, when "truant disposition" and a corridor-train took me down to Hastings for a change of air and scene. Truly the place was well filled, but the majority of visitors were wheeled about in bath-chairs, or walked with the help of sticks. The lodging-house keeper, no longer fiery and untamed, but meek and with chastened mien, looked longingly at passing strangers from out windows decorated with the legend "Apartments to Let." The various piers ran out into the sea with sulkily, deserted expression, as though they would have preferred to be taken up, dried, and warehoused. Even the shopkeepers were most civil and attentive, and waited upon customers, and remembered their change, and offered to send the things home. They foresaw the season of their discontent, and tried to turn it to a glorious summer by the aid of a few chance purchasers.



THE ATTACK AND PARRY: SECONDE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. LEWIS WALLER IN PRIVATE LIFE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

MR. WALLER IN "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Mr. Lewis Waller, who, after having finished the round of "outer circle" theatres, is now touring the provinces with Miss Mabel Love, Miss Florence West, and the rest of his company, in "A Marriage of Convenience," has conceived so different a picture of the Comte de Candale—the provoked husband of that play—from those both of Mr. Terriss and Mr. Harrison, as to enforce a not invidious comparison. At the Haymarket, for instance, that very perfect and gentle nobleman whom Mr. Harrison so elegantly portrays is essentially one with his surroundings. As all humanity is, according to Holy Writ, of the earth earthy, so Mr. Harrison's Comte is of eighteenth-century Paris eighteenth-century-Parisian. Dignified and amiable, one feels that he would have lent his lady to his friend the Vicomte to the end of his days without a qualm, simply because he knew no better. The dawns of a new morality come upon him merely through the chance circumstance of his happening to have a frank uncle and an uninitiated wife. The result of this is that the Haymarket Comte does not stand out, as he might, as the central character in the play. The light-hearted lover of his wife has almost more picturesque attributes. With Mr. Lewis Waller's Comte the case is far different. It is not alone because he has no Cyril Maude to play the lover. From the first he is a marked



THE COMTESSE DE CANDALE (MISS MABEL LOVE) AND HER HUSBAND (MR. WALLER).

man—a man of a mind moulded in a different cast than those of his fellows of lace and ruffle. His upbringing has necessitated that he should live the artificial life to which he has been born, and he lives it with the business-like, cynical content of one who sees the inevitable and goes through with it. With him the little clause "There is one thing I cannot stand, and that is ridicule!" is more than the excuse for his attitude towards the Vicomte—it is the excuse of his being where and as he is. He will not be an outsider at any game that is forward, and so has learnt to take snuff with due deliberation and to conduct a necessary intrigue with a frail marquise. But all along he has a healthy contempt for even his own flippancy. Prepared—even anxious—for a more human existence, when that is not possible he makes the best of what is. Thus it is that his interview with the uncle gains immensely in strength in Mr. Waller's version. It brings face to face two men in Paris who have clear common sense to see the hollowness of the life of their century. They speak not as uncle and nephew, the one rating the other, but as man to man, sounding together in argument, on level terms, the principles of honour. In the case, too, of Mr. Waller's sterner Comte, the final reconciliation brings with it a perhaps fuller sense of the happy completion of a study in character.



THE MAID MARTON (MISS FLORENCE WEST) AND THE COMTESSE.



THE COMTE AND THE COMTESSE.

THE RESTORATION OF THE SEE OF BRISTOL.

Bristolians, in common with the rest of her Majesty's subjects, only a few months ago were indulging in a variety of pleasant reflections on the advance made during the Record Reign, and when the facts came to be looked into it was evident that no religious body had better reason for self-congratulation than the members of the Church of England in the venerable city on the Avon. A noteworthy illustration of that fact is visible to all-comers in the restored Cathedral, which in itself represents a wonderful amount of perseverance under difficulties and generosity shared in by all classes of the community. In 1850, when Dean Elliot went to Bristol, he found the Cathedral in a dilapidated and disgraceful condition. Walls and piers were covered with yellow wash; windows were broken, and in other directions there were evidences of dire neglect. The beginning of better things soon came. Masonry was cleaned from the unpleasant colouring smeared alike over massive pillars and delicate groining. A multitude of improvements were executed, and the central tower underpinned and made secure. This work, over which £20,000 was spent, served only as a start, for a series of efforts followed, and these have been continued down to our own time. The whole of the nave was rebuilt in accordance with the design of the late Mr. Street, the fine fifteenth century gatehouse and Norman archway of the Abbey were restored with much care, and altogether in Dean Elliot's time as much as £88,000 was spent on these important works. Still

there was much to do. Dean Pigon showed his keen interest in completing what had been so well begun, and the absolutely unsafe condition of the massive central tower made speedy response to his appeal for funds almost imperative if actual danger was to be avoided.

So again the builders were busy, and their work included the restoration of the elder Lady Chapel and many other details, particularly in the choir, and another £12,000 was spent. Not long afterwards, the dilapidation of the eastern end claimed attention, and this is now in hand, so that, when the final section is an accomplished fact, the renovation account, which has already exceeded £100,000, will be greatly augmented. This, it must be remembered, has been done at a time when Churchmen have been called to give large pecuniary assistance to several church extension movements aimed at keeping pace with the needs of an increasing city, and also to the important scheme for restoring the ancient See of Bristol and making it independent of that of Gloucester. Success has been attained in this work also, although a long time was occupied in procuring the large amount necessary to provide the required endowment. The union of the diocese with Gloucester in October 1836 was ostensibly due to poverty of the Bristol See, but beneath that reason might be traced the apathy of Church people. Bishop Forrest Browne, who is resigning the Bishopric of Stepney, and who is to be enthroned at the Cathedral to-morrow, comes to a

diocese full of agencies in active operation. In Bristol he will find ample scope for the energy which has characterised his career.



THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.



BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. B. BOLAS, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The German, much to the disgust of many of us, who have made a certain catchword absolutely nauseous, is doing many things well—notably, his art. Reference has frequently been made in these columns to the Munich *Jugend*, the most fanciful journal in colours printed in Europe perhaps. And Darmstadt has come out with a new monthly (which Mr. F. Bauermeister, of Glasgow, forwards) called *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration*. It is obviously based on the *Studio*, which has proved epoch-making in its way in pure art-journalism, waking up the old monthlies from their dreary lethargy. Of course, the work of Dresden and Munich artists is more widely represented than anything else. There is an admirable reproduction in colours of a piece of modern tapestry, while piano manufacturers should see how their wares may be pictorially treated. The career of *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration* will be worth watching.

Meantime the *Studio* itself continues to flourish. The current issue deals elaborately with Mr. Frank Brangwyn, an excellent reproduction in colours of his "Sweetmeat Seller" being given. We also get an account of a visit to Essex House, the home of the Guild of Handicraft in the Mile End Road. Mr. W. Nicholson is seen to great advantage in his coloured woodcut, "The Cabriolet." His admirable series of portraits in the *New Review* have probably done more for that magazine than all the literature that was ever put into it. As yet, however, he has not given his portrait of the Queen.

The editor of the *Studio* proves, however, that he can not only edit with a distinction that has secured the imitation that is the sincerest form of flattery, but that he is himself master of a charming English style. His paper in the Michaelmas issue of the *Dome* on Hiroshige and his art is a model of what such things should be. It is impartial, well-proportioned, judicious, and capitally written. There is an uncertainty as to whether all the work attributed to Hiroshige is in truth the work of one or of two artists, "one of whom is responsible for the oblong compositions, the other for those that are upright." Mr. Holmes confesses that the difference in style between the works signed by Hiroshige is often considerable, and, "in fact," concludes Mr. Holmes, "until more positive proofs can be found, tradition seems to have the best of it."

Mr. Holmes recognises also the misfortune that Hiroshige's reputation that a comparison with Hokusai as draughtsman and colourist is almost inevitable. He notes the vigorous drawing of the younger artist, but confesses also that it had "neither the grace, the instantaneity, nor the fluency of 'the old man mad about pictures,'" and it is interesting to note with Mr. Holmes that as a colourist Hiroshige deteriorated in later days. "Schemes of indigo, Venetian red, and yellow ochre give place to arrangements of Prussian blue, carmine, and gamboge when, in common with most of the other artists of his time and country, Hiroshige fell a victim to the 'opening up' of Japan." "His composition is always striking." "He is too fond of freaks that are only fantastic." "He is too ready to take nature much as he chances upon her." "As a master of what may be termed romantic landscape, Hiroshige deserves his reputation." He has had the "no slight honour" of having "a share with Velasquez in the making of Mr. Whistler's style." These are a few of the pointed criticisms which Mr. Holmes has written.

That art is represented in the same number of the *Dome* by two colour-prints by Hiroshige, "A View of Tokaido" and "A Landscape." Each is exceedingly interesting, and the first is something of a genuine masterpiece. The little brightly lit houses in the wood are not only wonderful examples of light seen through the medium of mere colour, but are also singularly beautiful in themselves. The fulness of the pouring waves and the splendid distant sky go to make an admirable composition which is quite innocent of the "freaks that are only fantastic." "The Landscape," though an excellent arrangement of colour, and with a certain romantic charm which the "Tokaido" does not possess, is inferior to it, however, in point of brilliancy and of purely natural significance. Both do honour to the publication which claims their presence.

And apropos of modern Japanese art-production, if you wish to get a typical specimen of it, possess yourself (per Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.) of the volume of Japanese poems entitled "Poetical Greetings from the Far East," which has been printed in Tokyo on the most delightful crêpe paper. The illustrations are in colours of the brightest hues, each exceedingly appropriate to the subject-matter. They meander through the type in a curiously evasive way—full of suggestion and fantasy. This, indeed, is one of the most delightful books of the season.

The picture by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., which hung this year at the New Gallery, "Paris on Ida," is reproduced herewith. Of course, the black-and-white translation takes from it that which was, as a matter of fact, its most lovely quality—the beautiful colour-scheme of the cloud-hidden goddesses. The sense of space and the beauty of composition remain, wonderful proofs of the vitality and artistic perception of this noble painter.

Reference was made the other week here to the memorial which the Sunday Society proposed to present to the Trustees and Directors of the National Gallery, of the Tate Gallery of British Art, and of the National Portrait Gallery. The society, having, in fact, secured some fifteen hundred signatures, presented the memorial on Oct. 16, the substance of which need not now be repeated. The signatures, which, together with the memorial, are now issued in facsimile by the Sunday Society, are representative of every kind of professional influence that there

is to be found. It would be otiose to set down a list of those names here, but they are of so great a weight that it would be strange indeed if the presentation of the memorial did not issue in practical results.

A very interesting bibliographical catalogue, describing more than five hundred works of the three Cruikshanks, and compiled by Frederick Marchmont, with an Introduction by Julian Moore, has been issued by Mr. W. T. Spencer. Mr. Moore takes the hostile critics of George Cruikshank somewhat severely to task. He maintains that Cruikshank's was an art that endeavoured to maintain the old tradition of "remoteness" and working under the difficult and admirable limitation of making art-work interesting in some way to ordinary intelligent persons as well as to artists. In a word, Mr. Moore, unlike Mr. Pennell and Mr. George Moore and others, is all for the humour of Cruikshank and the "robust old times" when men were not self-conscious.



PARIS ON IDA.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS HAMLET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE BURGLAR'S VIEW.

BY MRS. EDMUND GOSSE.

Madeleine was feeling tired and worried. Her doctor had just left her; he had told her that her health was much improved by her residence abroad; but she did not heed that good news at all, for she was irritated by a hint that he had dropped about the conduct of her little son, who, while his mother was away, had been staying with the doctor's wife and children in the country. Madeleine had asked for an exact account of her boy's misbehaviour, but she was unable to extract any from the doctor; he had merely said, "Oh, as I only heard it at second-hand, I ought not perhaps to say too much about it. But has not your sister Emma told you? Anyhow, you must not imagine that it was Johnny's spending five days with us that knocked up Martha; she looks tired out, I know, but I believe she overworked herself during the whole six weeks that she spent in the country."

After the doctor left, Madeleine tried to soothe herself; she reflected that the doctor had said, "Two of Jimmy's schoolfellows behaved in rather a similar manner one day when they came over to spend the afternoon in our garden—I know that many schoolboys are like that." Then he had added, "But I did not expect *your* son to behave so."

What did it all mean?

Madeleine took up the newspaper that was lying on the table. Her eyes passed slowly along a line of the print, then they darted back and began again to follow the next blackened line. Madeleine knew, however, that she was not heeding what she read; her brain was all the time asking, "What was it that Johnny did?" In despair at her own want of self-control, she turned the paper about, and in desperation began to read—despising herself the while—the shorter paragraphs, those which were headed "Strange Suicide of a Burglar," "Eccentric Disappearance of a Four-in-Hand," "Rumour of the Missing Link." But it was all of no avail; she still asked herself, "What can it have been that Johnny did?"

At last Madeleine, in despair, threw the paper from her. She arose and walked up and down the room. She paused once, on hearing the plaintive cry of a cat; she unshuttered the window; then she peeped out at the door. Presently she heard the maid going up the stairs on her way to bed. Madeleine opened the door and wished her good-night. Then she continued her walk to and fro. At last, wearied with her monotonous exercise, she threw herself down on the corner settee facing the door. She said to herself, behind her set teeth, "Was he rude and saucy in his speech, or was he rough with Jimmy, I wonder? I will insist on hearing exactly of what his wickedness consisted from Emma to-morrow morning. I will say to her that she *must* tell me, that Johnny's future may depend on my knowing the blackness of his crime." She laughed a little nervous laugh. "And then," she added, half-reflectively, "I shall have next, I suppose, to go to Johnny's school and see his house-master, and we shall have a scene; and then—I daresay *he* will think it his duty to tell me *more* Johnian home-truths; but, at any rate, *he* will not be vague, and beat about the bush; *he* will out with the whole bitter truth at once—and in a brutally frank manner too, I don't doubt."

Madeleine leaned back on the sofa, and said to herself, with half-closed eyes, how glad she was that she was able to regard the whole affair so calmly. She didn't intend to allow herself to be prejudiced either way. She was even a little bit proud of herself that she felt no desire to weep.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "then I must indeed be a much stronger woman——"

At this moment a slight noise was audible on the landing; the handle of the door gently turned, and, the door opening a little way, a man's head appeared. There was a pause; the grey eyes in the man's pale face shone under his unkempt hair, and they blinked a little as the rays of the candle caught them. Without stirring from her seat, Madeleine slightly raised her head, and, motioning with her hand towards a chair, she said—

"Do come in, and *do* tell me, for I very much want to know, *were* you a *very bad boy* when you were *quite small*?"

The man came in—in his stocking-feet; he noiselessly placed on the shelf behind the chair a small brown-paper parcel, from the ends of which protruded a crowbar and a wrench. He quietly settled himself in an arm-chair, and as he did so he slipped his hand into his breast-pocket, and then, with an expression of some annoyance, he glanced uneasily round the room. Madeleine at once guessed his need, and she pushed a box of cigarettes towards him across the table. The man struck a light with a silent match that he took from his pocket, lighted a cigarette, and began.

"No, Madam," he replied; "when I was a small boy, I was a very mild—I think I may even say a very good—little chap. It has been my experience through life that it is the quiet boys who most surprise their elders by their after-careers; for, no strong characteristics presenting themselves early in life, their parents usually plan out for their darlings quite ideally dull lives, in which nothing is to happen—except, of course, that large fortunes are to be made. The father thinks

that his son, in order to succeed, need not be any more clever than himself—except, of course, that he must have more luck on his side. Yes, Madam, *luck* is what the respectable middle-class man believes in, and regards as the only difference between himself and the thoroughly successful heard-of-in-the-world sort of man. Now, believe me, Madam, no greater mistake was ever made. The success of a career is not so simple, so banal, an affair as that. It needs the endless patience and the incessant perseverance of the caddis-worms (those busy little chaps we used to find in our pond on the common at home) to build up a reputation, whether it be a bad one or a good one. Why, my own success, incomplete as it is, was not made to-day, nor even yesterday; nor is my training such a perfect affair, after all, or I should not have made such a damned mistake—excuse me, Madam—as to suppose that, because Mr. Cairne is away from home, I should have nothing more difficult to do than to step into his house and carry off his precious—but that's neither here nor there, that's neither new nor news. (I'll thank you, Ma'am, for another of your excellent cigarettes.)

"As I was saying, it's the bad boys who turn out well in after-life—although I've heard ladies say that it wanted heaps of mother's faith to believe that the dirty, rough, shy lads, their sons, would ever turn into the smooth, charming, and brave men that their fathers are. But they do manage it somehow, Ma'am. I could give you several instances of the truth of my theory. A pal of mine, a pale little chap he was, who couldn't bear to see his dog whipped, is now treading the weary way. It's weakness, Ma'am, weakness, not goodness that does it. And then there was another boy in our village—he was a very devil-may-care sort of fellow in his youth, and with such an appetite for green apples and stolen turnips as you never did. Well, he's sitting on the sackcloth now—or is it the woolsack?—or something very like it, *he is*!"

Madeleine felt herself to be growing deeply interested; she was just leaning forward to ask the burglar to tell her some of his own sure-to-be-interesting experiences when a loud cat's wail was heard, then a scrambling of feet, and, the bookcase-door flying open, out stepped her long-lost cat, Charles Nathaniel. At the same moment the church bells rang out with lingering notes the hour of twelve. Madeleine rubbed her eyes, she looked around the room; the guttering candles dimly lighted up the empty chair opposite; the burglar's implements, too, were gone. "Ah," she murmured, "how late it is! and what would Ned say?—'When the cat's away,' pussy dear! But what a real comfort it is to know, to feel quite sure, in fact, that Johnny can never, no never, become a burglar in later life—as he is such a very naughty boy already!"

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S HAMLET.

It is difficult at present to form a sound comparative opinion as to the quality of the latest Hamlet. Even from the first some comparisons were made not entirely favourable, but the most grudging recognised the remarkable value of the performance. To many Mr. Robertson will for the future be the ideal Hamlet. Actors of more startling character even—indeed, it may be, actors of greater genius—will come, but none of them will, in the opinion of many of us, fit so completely as he into the fascinating character of the young Danish Prince. He gives a perfect image of the courtier, scholar, and even of the soldier, and, above all, is naturally the "rose of the fair state." One feels that, if all monarchs were so truly regal as he, loyalty would be as easy as lying. Yet, after seeing him, it is not the regal charm of manner nor grace of style that makes the deepest impression, but the profound melancholy set upon one who suggests that he might have been of a fairly joyous character.

Since the first night some changes have been made in the production that modify the actor's original view, and all will be glad that the "Now might I do it pat," which brings out the vacillation of the character clearly, has been restored. Yet, even without it, in the gentleness that underlies the whole performance—gentleness as distinguished from the tenderness shown by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and in marked opposition to the almost violence of some players—one sees clear signs of the vacillation of the over-burthened young man who has not the "robust conscience" needful for a happy life. Possibly, some loss must come from the comparative coldness to Ophelia; nevertheless, it may be that this is valuable as showing how the supernatural interview with his father did actually freeze his young blood, even if none of the secrets of the prison-house were told to him. Although necessarily standing too close to the performance for an absolute judgment, one may say with confidence that the Hamlet of Mr. Forbes-Robertson is a noble performance, in which a high conception of character is superbly carried out by great skill and wonderful physical gifts. It must be that even the great author would have been delighted to see such a realisation of his idea. Attention may be called to the fact that a beautiful edition of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's "Hamlet" has just been issued at a shilling. It is very nicely illustrated and is printed mid meadow margins.

THE MODERN ART OF WILD DUCK SHOOTING.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

Wild duck shooting is often associated with much physical discomfort, long tramps through miry marshes, knee-deep in water, longer waits beneath a dripping hedge, cramped concealment in a foliage-covered punt or a ditch-bottom, often not very dry. I well remember waiting thus for an hour or more for fowl that never came; but to-day, given a well-stocked preserve, such as that of Lord Rothschild at Tring (which the Prince of Wales has just been shooting over), and the sport may be enjoyed without any fear of taking a chill or any other hurt from dampness.

The Tring water-fowl preserve lies in some large artificial reservoirs, formed to supply the Grand Junction Canal with water. The three pools are beautifully situated at the foot of the Chilterns, and are two miles in circumference, bounded on two sides by high artificial banks, and on the others by marshy meadows through which flow perpetual streams supplied by rising springs. Tall reeds extend for many yards into the water, some being as high as eight feet, while there are several acres of flag-covered flats forming an ideal place for water-fowl.

Most of the shooting is done from behind



VIEW FROM ONE OF THE SHOOTING-STANDS IN THE CENTRE OF THE LAKE.



WILD DUCKS FEEDING IN FRONT OF THE SHOOTING-HUT.

screens erected at intervals across the centre of the lake. The screen is seven feet high, and constructed with reeds, the stand being formed of strong wood planks laid on piles, and it is surrounded by a protecting rail. When the guns have been arranged—some on the stands and others in punts—the sportsmen can wait in comparative comfort until the birds are driven overhead. They must be good marksmen, for the birds fly high and are strong on the wing, the speed and height of flight being very deceptive. Good weapons are also requisite, for they must shoot straight and have a long range. Some in the Rothschild armoury have triple barrels, and they were used with great effect last season. The first day's bag totalled up six hundred head of water-fowl, and in five days three thousand were bagged, made up of mallards, poker-ducks, grebe, widgeon, coots, water-hens, and snipe. Long lanes are cut in the reeds, to facilitate the work of the beaters, and several punts are used for the same purpose and also to pick up the dead birds, for most of the game fall into the water. And here the Irish water-spaniel is useful, for when a wounded bird escapes into the rushes, the spaniel will generally find and secure it.

Needless to say, there are an immense number of birds here, but I was very fortunate in obtaining the photograph of a flight of wild ducks, for the birds generally keep well beyond the zone of the lens. It was only after lying concealed for more than an

hour that I obtained the photograph of wild ducks feeding. At the same time, I had the pleasure of seeing all kinds of water-fowl disporting themselves in their native elements. Triple joys are theirs, for they float on the water, walk on the land, and sail through the air. A snipe first appeared on the scene, soon to be joined by another, and, wading into the water, they stuck their long bills into the mud and sought for food. Next came the coots and water-hens, the latter chasing the snipe and driving them away. Small birds of various kinds joined the party, water-wagtails and reed-sparrows among them, and presently the lapwings which had been screaming overhead descended; but it was fully an hour before the ducks put in an appearance, though just beyond a belt of weeds the beautiful grebe with tasselled heads could be seen diving, causing the fish to leap from the water in their efforts to



A GROUP OF WILD DUCKS BY THE REEDS.

escape. The scene then became very animated, the ducks in scores, quacking, flapping, splashing, chasing each other about with the joy of life, and making a perfect picture with their brilliant colours flashing in the sunshine. But suddenly the whole crowd rose in the air with a mighty roar, caused by hundreds of wings. The coots were the last to leave the scene, their wings flapping the water as they skimmed along the surface, while their feet left a train of flashing spots on the water for many yards. Turning to learn the reason of the commotion, I found that a man had come to cut a track through the reeds for the beaters. Later in the day I witnessed the arrival of thousands of starlings. The air was black with them as they flew to roost in the reeds, keeping up a constant twitter all the time. There are several specimens of larger water-fowl—swans, geese, herons, and others. Pelicans were introduced, and did well for a time, but, not content with the plentiful diet of fish, they contracted the bad habit of gobbling up the young ducks, and, of course, were banished from the scene.

J. T. N.

A MODERN CAVE-DWELLER.*

A manly, self-reliant, and in all ways honourable career ended when William Pengelly died in March 1894, at the ripe age of eighty-two. The son of a master mariner, he left Looe village school in his



HAUNT OF THE WATER-FOWL, SHOWING SNIPE AND LAPWINGS.



A SCREEN AND STAND ERECTED IN THE CENTRE OF THE LAKE.

twelfth year as cabin-boy in his father's craft, where he varied the rough work falling to his lot by the smoother task of writing letters for the crew to their wives. The death of a brother called him back to a home at whose fireless grate he devoured such books as he could buy or borrow, and thus the self-taught youth qualified himself to start a small school in Torquay. Rising rung by rung in the social ladder, he at last became teacher of an *élite* number of scholars, and one of the foremost in the ranks of men of science. He was past thirty before he had leisure and means to visit London and compare his own discoveries in the rich fossil-yielding rocks of Devonshire with the treasures housed in the British Museum. That marked the beginning of long intercourse with men more famous, but not more eminent, than himself, glimpses of talks with whom dart across the pages of his journals. Here, as in so many biographies, we are tantalised with the valuelessness of a large portion of the entries selected, because they throw no light on the man's career or character. Trivial details about weather and trains and social engagements congest the pages; references are made to brilliant conversations, but never a hint of the matter of the talk. Even the historical duel between Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce at the British

Association Meeting at Oxford in 1860 is dismissed with the comment, "the excitement was excessive." However, between all this the discriminating reader will find the story of an interesting life, and a pregnant, ever-needed example of self-help, sweetened by kindness and salted with humour; of inexhaustible patience that enabled Pengelly to sit, on an average, five hours a-day for fifteen years in Kent's Hole, sifting materials which, for thousands of years, had hidden the secret of man's antiquity and primitive state. The exploration of Brixham Cavern in 1858 was followed by that of the more famous Kent's Hole in 1864, when the importance of the discoveries of flint tools and weapons rudely chipped by prehistoric man was increased by the evidence of gradual advance in the character of the implements, supplemented by the discovery—more suggestive than its simplicity may denote—of a bone needle with an eyelet. The revolution which Darwin's theory, promulgated in 1859, made in our conceptions of the order and interrelation of life-forms was scarcely more momentous than that wrought by the discoveries to which Pengelly contributed so largely, since the old beliefs concerning man received their death-blow before the proof of his slow, often zigzag, advance from savagery to civilisation. The Rev. Professor Bonney contributes an interesting assessment of Pengelly's work which should help to keep in remembrance his great services to the science of anthropology.



A FLIGHT OF WILD DUCKS.

* "A Memoir of William Pengelly of Torquay, F.R.S., Geologist. With a Selection from his Correspondence. Edited by his daughter, Hester Pengelly." London: John Murray.

"LA PÉRICHOLE": A MEMORY.

When and where did I first produce and play "La Périchole"? Ah, such a long time ago, such a long way off! It was in 1878, at the Opera House, Melbourne, then under the management of Mr. Saurin Lyster. Thinking over the presentation, it seems to me we had more comicalities and less chiffons than obtain nowadays. The strolling singers then did not wear the magnificent draperies they do now. Instead of silks and satins and gold



MR. JOHN LE HAY AS THE VICEROY IN "LA PÉRICHOLE."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

embroideries, the loved and loving—and, alas! "so hungry"—*Chanteuse de la rue* appeared in many-coloured but travel-worn, dusty, and faded, and decadent merino skirts, put on and carried with a swing and a swagger, of course—such a swing and a swagger!—a Spanish-cum-South-American swing and swagger. She wore a flower in her hair, and had a necklace of huge glass beads. Her unbleached chemisette was tattered and torn, but torn with a distinct view to effect. Round the full brown throat was tied loosely a coloured silk handkerchief, which, to a certain extent, condoned and compensated for the tattered and torn chemisette—not too much compensation, you know, just compensation enough to render unnecessary the intervention of my Lord Chamberlain of Lima and the succeeding and consequent Star Chamber process.

The Périchole I knew so intimately had a touch of the devil, and was particularly faddy (even to sharpness with her dresser) over her shoes and stockings. For, if you are ever so ragged and ever so hungry, you wear a French shoe and a spangled stocking—in Lima.

Then what a picturesque and ragged rascal was Piquillo, delightfully loving and jealous and Spanish and dark and dashing and despairing! With what inimitable grace, when deserted by his mistress, he tried to hang himself to the nearest balcony (and balconies are plentiful in Lima, you know), years before Mr. W. S. Gilbert's young man in "The Mikado" dreamed of attempting such an uncomfortable and unbecoming tableau!

What a capital piece of fooling was that of the drunken notaries! What roars of applause for their drunken duet (omitted in the version now being played)! Then La Périchole, in the marriage scene, was very incapable indeed (nobody notices a little thing like that in Lima). What fun she got out of that piece of orange-blossom that would keep bobbing so serenely on to the tip of her nose, tickling the end of it, and making all the aristocratic audience rub their own tip-tilted ones, and presently feel for their handkerchiefs, knowing full well that in another moment they would all sneeze, "T'cho!" Mr. Van Ghele, who for years had in Paris conducted the operas of Offenbach, was at this time our *chef d'orchestre*, and gave us all the original "business"; so to him we were indebted for these funniments. Our Don Pedro was deaf, and carried a huge ear-trumpet (and what curious remarks the three cousins used to whisper into it!). Our Don Gomez stut-tut-tutted in a direful and dreadful and deadly manner. Imagine the frightful complications when these two had a scene together and got mad over each other's incapacity!

"La Périchole" with the Soldene Company was a great success in

Melbourne. It was in Melbourne that the carpenter's fox-terrier, wearing a Toby frill, went on and "boomed" the "Indian Maiden" song with a mighty and terrific howl that brought down the house and a treble encore. It was in Melbourne that the prison scene was played in an English version for the first time. We English were very particular in those days, and previous presenters of the opera in England had "cut" the scene bodily, as too excessively improper, don't you know. Our Marquis de Santarem had not only his "little pen-knife," he had dirty, sharp nails, two or three inches long, and was a very skinny, dilapidated, disreputable old gent indeed. To see him mopping and mowing and frightening the tied-up Périchole into fits was a sight for the gods! In this scene I wore a long Indian muslin peignoir, over white silk, and some quite (for that period) remarkable lingerie. I "bunched" my petticoats up in both hands, and "shoo-shoo'd" the old man (who cackled with delight), so the public should get an idea of the fine lace I wore and a glimpse of my nice white satin slippers. I remember I fancied myself considerably in this costume, and thought what a Donna Anna I could, would, or should make. Then the lovely music I had to sing! And when to the relentless and obdurate Piquillo I declared—

Why, I love you, you rogue!
And I'm sorry to say
That I can't live without you,
Try hard as I may—

oh, what pathos! Well, always when I sang that song I was thinking of somebody I had no business to be thinking of. It didn't matter; somebody was a long way off, and it's always good to work up a little *vraisemblance* and idealise the immediate moment. It helps the situation.

Some people have an idea that, to produce a good realistic and thrilling effect, the prima-donna should be in love with the tenor. Take my word for it, there is no such artistic paralysing as Dan Cupid. Real love on the stage kills the artists, and leaves only men and women.

When I returned to England in September '78, I appeared at the Alhambra, then under the management of Mr. Charles Morton, and after a triumph in "Geneviève de Brabant," "La Périchole" was put up. The second act was lavishly mounted. The ladies' dresses were gorgeous, and I had a dream of a gown. And the money it cost! Heaps! During the run of "La Périchole" a certain select and exclusive theatrical ball was given in a certain select and exclusive Bohemian circle. A certain very influential Alhambra director wanted to get an invite, but, like the man who fell out of the balloon, he was not in it. "Well," said I, "lend me my second-act dress for the ball, and I will get you a card." "Right,"



MR. JOHN LE HAY AS THE VICEROY IN "LA PÉRICHOLE."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

said he. The deal was made. He went to the ball. So did I, and danced off all the very expensive and kilted frills that adorned and decorated the skirt and *balayeuse* of that very expensive and kilted dress.

This episode has up to now been a profound secret between myself, the director, and the post. I do hope I have not recollected anything I ought not to in this "Recollection," and that the blue pencil of the editor will not be called into requisition.

EMILY SOLDENE.

SAVOYARDS IN "LA PÉRICHOLE."

Widely different as "La Périchole" is from Gilbert and Sullivanism, it must be remembered that it was playgoers by Mr. D'Oyly Carte, when he put it on at the Royalty in January 1875, three years before Miss Emily Soldene figured in it at the Alhambra. Offenbach has, of course, much in common with Sir Arthur Sullivan, for both possess the sense of humorous unity which distinguishes the light music of France. But between the book, either in the original of Meilhac and Halévy, or the English of Mr. Alfred Murray, and any comic opera by Mr. Gilbert, there are whole oceans that could never be bridged. Take, for instance, the mere fact that a Gilbert opera is precisely the same at the beginning of the run as at the end of a thousand nights; and then remember that in 1875 "La Périchole" was in two acts, while to-day it is divided into three. Again, there are the totally different methods of the players, the Savoyards being trained to speak every word clearly, without introducing their own "gags" or their personality, while Offenbach opera, as Englished, was a loose, formless structure—a mere pendant to the music rather than a twin-like mixture of score and book. While all this is true, it is exceedingly fitting that Savoyards—some more and some less—should take part in the present production. Mr. John Le Hay, for instance, knows well the stringency of Gilbertian stage-management, for did he not play the part of the Syndic in "His Excellency," at the Lyric? If Miss St. John has not actually appeared in a Gilbert and Sullivan piece, she has done good work at the Savoy, which does something to uphold Mr. Gilbert's methods even when his own work is not under review. Of course, Miss Emmie Owen knows Mr. Gilbert's ways to her finger-tips. True, she shows a strong inclination to escape from his tradition when the chance offers, but she has traces of his

training all the same. The most thoroughbred Savoyard in "La Périchole" is undoubtedly Mr. Richard Clarke, the Piquillo of the production. Mr. Clarke, in fact, represents in their best form those very methods that put Offenbachian acting out of date for many a day. Mr. Clarke has for years been touring the provinces, which are still attached to Gilbertianism, though London be inclined to turn up its nose, and he has been thoroughly schooled into Mr. Gilbert's ways. Offenbach's operas do not demand the careful treatment which the Savoy series require; they lose nothing by being acted and spoken, as well as sung. Mr. Clarke was born at Madeley, in Shropshire, and received his ordinary education at St. John's College, York. Thereafter he was trained in music under Mr. Pearce, of Birmingham. In 1878 he went to Naples to "finish" under Signor Domenico Scafati, after which he made his first professional appearance in Sir Michael Costa's "Eli," and for two seasons sang in concert and oratorio. After being heard at the Crystal Palace and Albert Hall, he was selected to be the Claude Melnotte in "The Castle of Como," at the Opera Comique, in 1889. Later on, he was secured by Mr. D'Oyly Carte, under whose management he has remained for the past six or seven years, one of his first ventures being the creation of the part of Marco in "The Gondoliers" in New York in 1890, a part in which his fine presence and his capital style are seen to the best advantage. On his return he joined the principal provincial company, and with it toured through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and in November of last year he paid his first visit to South Africa. Mr. Carte most kindly released him from his engagement in order that he might accept his present part, but, being a typical Englishman, Mr. Clarke sighs for other things, and even now has a delightful country place of his own, and dreams of the days when the boards shall know him no more, for he is fond of all sorts of sport, especially hunting.



THE IMPRISONED MARQUIS (MR. A. G. POULTON).

Photo by Taber, Dover Street, W.



MR. RICHARD CLARKE AS PIQUILLO.

Photo by Elltis Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS EMMIE OWEN AS AN INNKEEPER.

Photo by Elltis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN IN HER WEDDING-DRESS IN "LA PERICHOLE," AT THE GARRICK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

MISS EMMIE OWEN.

Miss Emmie Owen, the Anita in "La Périhole," sings as charmingly as she dances, a fact vouched for by her many delightful performances in Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Miss Owen is, as her name denotes, of

those which she has evolved for herself, and ever since her studies were over she has sailed under Mr. D'Oyly Carte's banner, at first touring in his leading companies in such parts as Rose in "Jane Annie," Nance in "Haddon Hall," Cynthia in "The Vicar of Bray," and the Princess Nekaia in "Utopia," rôles she played so successfully that she made her London début at the Savoy in 1893 in "Haddon Hall."



MISS EMMIE OWEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

Welsh parentage, but was born in Bristol, her father being connected with the Prince's Theatre in that city. She says her love for the stage was born in her, and fostered by frequenting the wings, her first appearance being made when she was only three years of age, though a little later she retired from public life that she might study and have her voice trained by Mr. Fred Walker. Dancing always came naturally to her, and her most delightful and dainty dances and intricate steps have been

In "Utopia" she took a leading part, and when Miss Nita Clavering left the company she undertook her rôle, and in "Mirette" was a most delightful dancing-girl. Among her best parts are Yum-Yum in "The Mikado," Constance in "The Sorcerer," Julia in "The Grand Duchess," Phyllis in "Iolanthe," Elsie Maynard in "The Yeomen of the Guard," and Giannetta in "The Gondoliers." Miss Owen is devoted to home life, fond of housekeeping, and a good needlewoman.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falcons, fly at anything we see."

It was a black night on the road between Tours and Poitiers. The moon had struggled vainly against heavy masses of cloud, which were resolved to hide from her virtuous gaze any ill deed to which the inspiration of such a night might prompt the children of evil. The wind muttered in the trees with that peculiar intonation which has always been held by the wise to presage misfortune. Where was the victim, of whose doom the leaves chattered maliciously in the swaying shadows? Along the dim white thread of road slowly moved a light; it was the lamp of a bicycle, throwing a fitful and ineffectual gleam upon the phantasms which lurked and whispered in the darkness. "Cursed be this lamp!" exclaimed the cyclist. "Cursed be the one who made it, and the father and mother who begat him! I might as well try to illuminate Erebus with a lamp of tallow!" Presently the road divided; with a groan the cyclist dismounted, and, detaching his lamp, endeavoured to decipher the inscription on a white post which stood spectrally by the wayside. "Perdition catch the soul of him who erected this damnable post! An honest traveller seeketh his journey's end with courage and patience, and here is a warning against nomads! By St. Muddegarde, this is too much. *Nom d'une pédale!*"

The awful imprecation was scarcely out of his mouth when a light appeared suddenly in a window, and he observed the outline of a cottage. Hastily approaching the door, he struck it a heavy blow, exclaiming, "Open, in the name of the Touring Club of France!" "*Encore un nomad,*" said a woman's voice. "Nomad be blistered!" retorted the traveller. "Is it possible that a highly respectable cyclist with a badge can be turned from any Christian dwelling on a night like this?" The door opened, and disclosed a man and a woman who, to a casual eye, presented nothing singular. The man wore the simple blouse of a peasant; the woman was neat and homely in her white cap; they looked like inoffensive cottagers, a little disturbed by an untimely visitation. But the acute student of physiognomy would have noted that they exchanged a glance full of sinister meaning. "Enter," cried the man. "Monsieur must forgive us for mistaking him for a nomad. Only an hour ago a stranger knocked and demanded a bed. He was a tall man, very like monsieur. We don't keep a hotel; but we gave him some of our famous liqueur. Monsieur must drink a glass; it will warm him for his journey. My wife makes it from berries, simple berries in the hedges. Monsieur would never notice them, but they have a flavour. Ha! I shall never forget the first bottle. We invited all the neighbours we loved the best. How they laughed when they drank! How they laughed! It is strange, but we have never seen them since. Drink, monsieur."

The flavour of the famous liqueur was odd; but the stranger drank three glasses, and felt a spirit of contentment rising to his brain. He did not observe, when he quitted the cottage, that his hosts grinned strangely as they shut the door behind him. His head began to swim, and, finding that he could not mount the bicycle, he walked on a little way. Those neighbours who laughed and never came again, he thought, must have been envious of the genius which could distil such a delectable beverage out of berries in the hedge. They were ignorant, no doubt, and could not tell the liqueur berry from its poisonous neighbour. They must have made offensive pleasantries about that first bottle. He could hear them jeering. "Comrade, pass the deadly nightshade!" . . . Powers above! What was that? The bicycle struck a heavy object which lay in the middle of the road, and, slipping out of his hand, fell with a crash, extinguishing the lamp, and bringing him down on his hands and knees. Feeling about him in a dazed way, he touched the body of a man, still and rigid. Ah! this was that other toper who had preceded him at the cottage, and who was now a little the worse for his potation . . . a little the worse . . . why, his face was stone-cold . . . his heart had ceased to beat. . . . So the neighbours were never seen again. . . . Comrade, pass the deadly . . .

I hasten to assure the terrified reader that nothing like this actually happened to a cyclist on the road between Tours and Poitiers. I did call at a cottage, and taste a potent liqueur, which must have fermented in my head, together with recollections of Catherine de Medici's cupboard at Blois where she kept her poisons. This agreeable mixture, if you please, may account for the foregoing nightmare. Moreover, I am still suffering from the musty horrors of Loches, where that amiable old gentleman with leaden images in his cap, who was encountered by Quentin Durward one afternoon in the refined society of Olivier le Daim, was in the habit of torturing his prisoners. A sprightly young woman showed me the *cachots* in which poor wretches were immured for years.

In one place I noticed a carving on the wall, roughly representing the sun's rays. It was the only spot the sunlight could reach through the narrow window, and a prisoner had cut this device to cheer his lonely hours. The captives of Louis XI. must have had very tough stamina. There was Cardinal la Balue, who spent a considerable part of his life suspended in an iron cage, pleasantly constructed so that he could neither stand nor lie down. The sprightly young woman pointed out a small staircase which was used by Louis XI. when he amused himself by gibing at his victim after dinner. She smiled, as if the story were incredible, some horrible fantasy of a bygone age when people invented those legends to caricature humanity. I could fancy her saying—

*There was a young woman at Loches,
Who said, "These old fables won't wash!"
When I tell you such things
Of sages and kings,
I gabble historical bosh!"*

Indeed, I am inclined to suspect that Louis XI. existed only in the imagination of Scott, and perhaps that is why the *conciierge* at Loches keeps a copy of "Quentin Durward" at her elbow.

From Loches, with the wind behind you, it is a delightful ride for twenty miles to Chenonceaux, where memories of Diane de Poitiers and Rousseau are quaintly mingled with modern American enterprise. The château is now the property of a citizen of the United States, who has exercised a very liberal taste in restoration and embellishment. It is not his fault that none of the original furniture remains. The only relic of Diane, except a picture wherein she figures as the chaste goddess of the same name, is a mantelpiece on which she may sometimes have rested a fair arm when pensively wondering whether posterity would say of her what the epitaph at Loches says of Agnes Sorel, who was also honoured by royal blandishments, that her place is "among the saints." The American proprietor of Chenonceaux has entered with such sincerity into the spirit of his possession that the ceiling of the hall is adorned with his initial "T," surrounded with stars and stripes and *fleurs-de-lys*. With much self-denial, he has refrained from introducing a certain bird of freedom into the heraldic company of the salamander of François Premier and the *hermine* of Anne de Bretagne. This respect for tradition may be carried too far. There is a gallery where Rousseau's early plays were first performed when he was a tutor in the Dupin family. Here is an astounding medley of dubious pictures, hideous gilding, and vulgar mirrors. The American owner's predecessors stuck on these walls what they supposed to be masterpieces, and he has respected their execrable taste. The general effect is that of the *brasserie* at the Café Riche, and I should not have been surprised to see waiters in white aprons hurrying towards me with trays and drinks.

Chenonceaux is a private house; but, as the proprietor is good enough to grant access to strangers two days a week (a privilege which prompts some of them to grumble because they are not admitted every day), he must expect a little criticism. Why should this exquisite place be disfigured by decorations worthy of a tavern? The artist who designed the gilding and the mirrors is said to have drowned himself, an act of justice which entitles his memory to some indulgence. The lumber he has left behind him ought also to be plunged into the waters of expiation. Some ancient frescoes on the walls of the bath-room have been covered up, because, as the guide explained with a twinkling eye, they are *trop légers* for modern propriety. But in the Rousseau Gallery there is an atrocious daub representing Madame de Pompadour in a costume of which the guide ingenuously remarked that she always passed it over unless her attention were called to it by a visitor. Now the old frescoes which are too gay even for a bath-room are probably artistic, whereas the Pompadour is as reprehensible in art as in manners. Some of the portraits are interesting, and there is one old master of great value; but the company they are forced to keep! I would appeal to the American gentleman, who bears the honoured name of Terry, which breathes art and poetry in every letter, to relieve them from the burden of tawdry rubbish.

I spent a night at Chenonceaux in a clean and comfortable inn, where a motherly old lady rejoices the heart of the traveller with simple but excellent viands. Moreover, at the Hotel du Bon Laboureur, which is most fitly named, you may drink a bottle—nay, two bottles—of sparkling Vouvray, the best wine of Touraine. It is not equally good everywhere; but when it bears the label of Madame Dessert at Chenonceaux, you can crack a bottle or two with a clear head and a sound conscience. Perhaps this recommendation will carry more weight if I add that I am writing at the moment on chocolate, consumed this Sunday afternoon on the Promenade de Blossac at Poitiers, where I listened to the band, and noticed that the cake most in favour with the children is called a Jesuit, which indicates a pleasing indifference to theological prejudice.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



OLD LADY : It's extremely naughty of you to behave in that way, Johnny. Don't you know that the Devil suggests all those wicked actions ?

BOY : Well, Auntie, the Devil might have suggested the biting and the scratching, but the spitting was my own idea entirely.



PHOTOGRAPHER'S TOUT : 'Ave yer photograph took, my lord ?

WAG : No, we're too ugly.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S TOUT : Many a true word spoke in jest, mates.

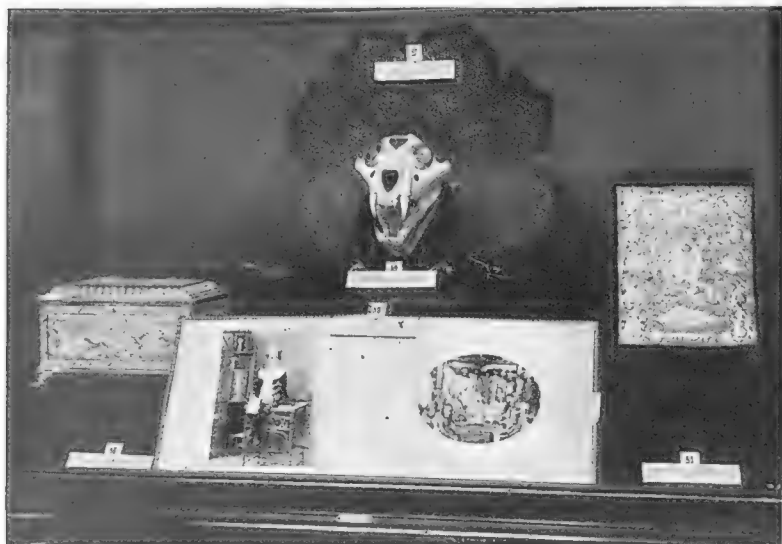


INDIGNANT COTTAGER: Not 'ave it cause it's bin to the chapel first? Why, my marrer's done that reg'lar for years, an' didn't bile the worse for 't neither.

NEW CURATE (*drily*): Possibly!

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRESENTS.

The Queen's Jubilee presents are expected by the sanguine to attract everybody with a shilling to spare to the not very popular Imperial



FROM HYDERABAD NOTABLES AND LORD EDWARD PELHAM-CLINTON.

Institute. It is interesting to see what royal relatives give to one another. Some of them may have "taken the Queen's will" on the subject, and no doubt there were interesting consultations as to what her Majesty would like. Quality rather than quantity seems to have been



FROM THE QUEEN'S COUSINS.

the order. With the exception of her eldest son and daughter, all the Queen's children and family connections united in certain groups. The group which looks up to the German Emperor as its chief showed sympathy with the greatness of her Majesty's Empire by presenting to

their "beloved grandmother" a silver-gilt vase surmounted by a figure of Britannia. This gift, with the Emperor's name on it, was obviously designed to give pleasure to the nation at large, and in that sense it has been much discussed. The envy of the envious has been excited most of all by the brooch sent by the Emperor and Empress of Russia and other grandchildren connected with the House of Hesse. It is in the form of an open diamond heart, in the centre being the number Sixty in Slavonic, with a sapphire on the top of the heart and two other sapphires hanging from it. Is it out of affection or from a political motive that a large number of splendid presents have been sent by the Emperor of China as well as by the Dowager Empress and the Ambassador? Such gifts from the Far East to the Queen ruling in the West are, in any event, a noble offering. The King of Corea quaintly sends, among other gifts, a copy of the speech his Ambassador would have made had he been able to speak English. And most fantastic of all is the present from the Prime Minister of Hyderabad—a tiger's skull mounted with various golden articles, a timepiece in one eye and a barometer in the other.

There are no presents on view from any of the Queen's own statesmen. Did they not send anything, or was it deemed advisable not to include their gifts in this selection? Perhaps invidious comparisons might have been made. Of course, the parasol presented by her Majesty's "oldest Parliamentary subject, C. P. Villiers," is here, almost the only other gift from an M.P. being "the Howard Vincent map of the British Empire." These are only a few of the presents picked at random. An account of them all, even in faint outline, would occupy many columns. Among the hundreds of addresses the most notable are those from the colonies, and more precious even than the caskets containing them is the language of loyalty in which they are expressed. There are, no doubt, some shocking specimens of taste in the illuminated British addresses. Many of these are a discredit to our decorative art. Two of the plainest come from the City of London and the province of Canterbury. Plainness in this glittering crowd is a distinction.



FROM THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.



FROM HER MAJESTY'S MAIDS OF HONOUR.



FROM LORD AND LADY PIRBRIGHT.



FROM THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

A MODEL DAIRY.

I have been suffering from what my wife graphically described as "a hole in the throat with yellowish-green frills round it"; the doctor shook his head when he looked at it, nearly made me sick by sticking a glass tube which he called a thermometer under my tongue, and then



GROUP OF SHORTHORNS, HAYCROFT FARM, WILLESSEN.

gravely asked whether I had been at Maidstone. I had not. Moreover, I am quite well again, and therefore abstaining from work. However, the incident—and the bill—have caused me to consider the question of the transmission of disease. From water I run no risk—the reasons are obvious: at least, I only use it perilously during my toilette, and when I travel abroad I clean my teeth with Eau St. Galmier.

An alarmist article on milk startled me. The idea that the calm, contemplative, cud-chewing cow could be the disseminator of disease was painful. Humorous, too, for the cow is the source of one of our great prophylactics. Everyone knows the story of Dr. Jenner—you may see his statue near the Boulogne fish-market, and possibly somewhere in England—and the milkmaid, and the cow-pox, and the vaccination which has led to such an extraordinary defence against small-pox. It may be, of course—and many worthy people assert it with confidence—that the cows, like the human race, have de-jennerated: I trust that the printer will not drag me into a Christmas joke over the word. Moreover, I have been reading a somewhat alarming article in that almost irritatingly life-full paper, the *Daily Mail*, concerning the dairy-cows at Leyton, and their habit of drinking from "a pestilential brook" which runs from a sewage-farm at Walthamstow. For twenty years, and a little more to the day, I remember the name of Welford, since even so long ago we used to have milk from their dairy, and, seeing that we are still unimportant patrons of their establishment, I felt a keen desire to find out whether they are worthy of my confidence or whether they are supplying me with bacteriological horrors instead of what some journalists call the lacteal fluid.

Off I went to Maida something—I never know which is the Hill and which the Vale, though I well remember *Punch's* joke about "Maid'er h'ill" and "Maid'er'ill." At Elgin Avenue I found a colossal series of buildings, which spread over what I deem to be two acres of land. I entered, and, posing as a journalist, insisted upon seeing one of the "bosses." One of the bosses came, a pleasant, intelligent gentleman, rejoicing in the name of Welford.

"May I ask," I said in a lordly way, "what special precautions you are taking against an attack of typhoid, having regard to the present epidemic at Maidstone?"

"None," he answered quietly.

"None?"

"Certainly, none. For years past we have been ceaselessly busy in our fight against the transmission of disease by milk, and it would be quite impossible

for us, in view of the present epidemic, to adopt any new device. All that science has suggested we have adopted. It happens, however, that but lately there has come into play a new precaution that we have taken. Perhaps you would like to see it?"

I followed him, walking through what seemed to be miles of buildings of a Dutch-like cleanliness. At last we came into a kind of roofed room, in which there was a good deal of machinery.

"This," said Mr. Welford proudly, "is our new artesian well, from which we get the purest conceivable water, at a depth of five hundred feet."

"Where does it come from?" I asked blandly.

"The chalk," he replied.

"Now, that must be convenient," I said, "to get your milk from the well."

He smiled contemptuously at the little joke. "To the ignorant it may seem a paradox. Nevertheless, it is a fact that purity of water is essential, from the commercial point of view, to the purity of milk. A little while ago the technical papers convinced us that the London Water Companies' staple commodity was really half-filtered sewage. We could not stand that, for, after all, water is of great importance to us. Oh, I know you have plenty of cheap jokes about the idea of using it as an adulterant; but I may tell you that, as a matter of fact, no milk supply is of any value unless there is abundance of pure water. You must have pure water for your cattle to drink, pure water for all domestic purposes of those associated with the milk, pure water for cleansing the dairy-utensils, and pure water to use in cooling milk; and if you have not, all your other precautions may prove vain."

"Why, cooling the milk?"

"Milk cooled suddenly just after it leaves the cow keeps sweet for a long time; the more sudden the cooling the longer the time, so our patent capillary refrigerator is used at all our farms and supplementary farms."

"Seriously, is water much used by dishonest dealers?"

"Not inconsiderably, though now the more common trick is to use separated milk as an adulterant."

"Separated milk?"

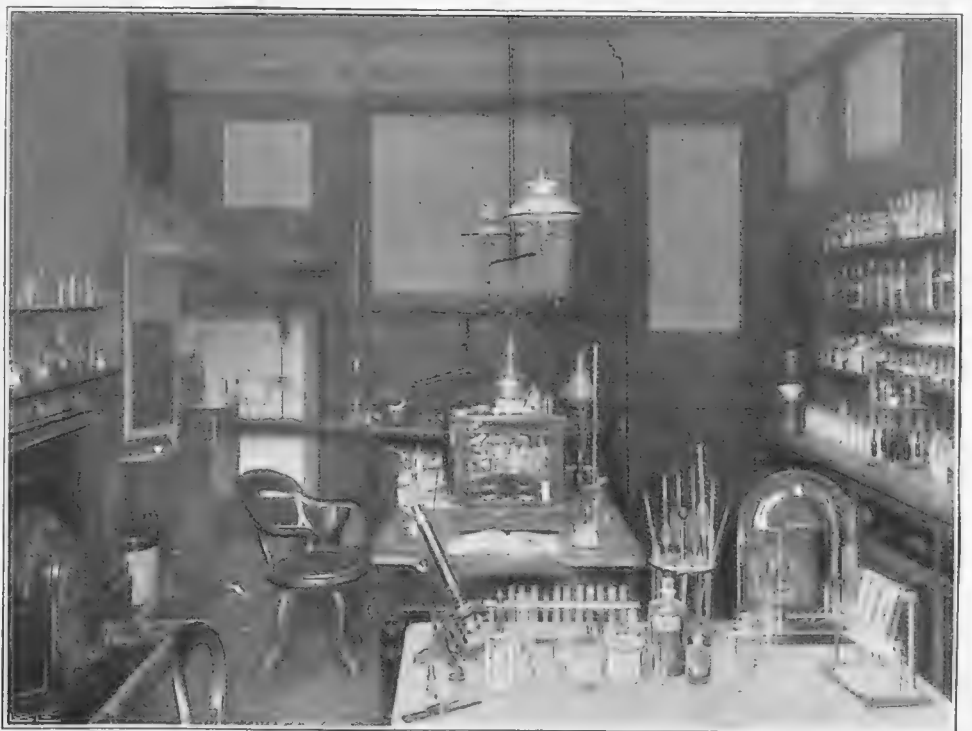
"The same as skim, but more 'skimmy.' Come and see."

I went into a department where I saw milk-cans being emptied into an immense vat, from which it ran down into what seemed large, flattish boxes, from each of which came two tubes, through one of which flowed heavy, rich cream in a languid style, while from the other danced a stream of milk.

"The method," said my guide, "is simple and effective; the milk is delivered into bowls making 6500 revolutions per minute."

"Why, that is faster than a small South American Republic!"

"By virtue of the centrifugal force, the heavier part of the fluid flies off to the outer edge of this little whirlpool, while the cream, which is the lighter, remains on the inner edge, and thus, the milk being separated from the cream, we are able to draw them off by different taps. This method, of course, is vastly quicker than the old way of letting the



THE ANALYTICAL LABORATORY AT THE CHIEF DAIRY.

milk stand till the cream sets, and it is much more effective. We use the same idea in our laboratory for testing the richness of the milk."

I was marched off to the laboratory, and there shown how, every day, the milk from each farm is examined, analysed, and tested in every way to see that it is pure and rich. This department naturally controls the large branch of business concerned with "facsimile human milk," with "Koumiss," "peptonised milk," and "sterilised milk," all

into an agreement to send us a declaration every Tuesday as to the health of himself, his employees, and the neighbourhood. He has to bind himself under a heavy penalty to communicate to us at once any case of disease on the farm or in the neighbourhood. We, on the other hand, agree that, if he gives us such information, we will indemnify him against loss by paying for milk destroyed, labourers' wages, &c."

"That seems a heavy burden for you?"

"Perhaps; but it pays in the long run—the public gets to know the quality and safety of our milk, and so we prosper. The pity is that the milk we reject is sold to others less scrupulous, and the farms that we will not deal with find customers less particular. By means of constant but unannounced inspection of cattle and sanitary arrangements on the supplementary farms, by the daily testing and analysis of the milk, we are able to keep up the supply at a splendid quality."

"I should imagine that there must be some difficulty in the business, owing to the irregularity of the demand."

"We find none. Many dairies do, and employ all sorts of more or less injurious preparations to keep the surplus milk from one delivery to the next. We object to that, for milk ought to be fresh; so all the surplus milk is at once put into the separators, so that we may get the cream for butter-making and also sale as cream. The separated milk we sell at a very low price to the poor. Of course, it is not nourishing; but it is palatable, and serves well for tea and puddings. We have crowds every morning to buy, bringing a very varied assortment of utensils."

"I suppose that Welford's is a very old business?"

"It began with one shop in Warwick Road in 1845, and in those days we could look across our fields to Windmill Hill at Cricklewood, while Shirland Road was an open brook feeding the Serpentine. From the one shop in 1845, we have reached twenty-six branch establishments, besides our head place here with two acres of buildings and model dwellings for the employees. It

must be remembered that one important element is the cleanliness and comfort of the workpeople, and we have found it wise to provide really comfortable model dwellings of the best type that could be contrived."

"Yes," I interrupted, "it was the cow-pox——"

"Yes, but that is ancient history. Nowadays we believe entirely that cleanliness is next to godliness, and, since it has been declared judicially that a limited has no conscience or godliness, it must be content with the second virtue."

Certainly, they are entitled to be proud of such growth, seeing that it is simply based on the merits of their labours, labours vastly beneficial to the public, which is enabled by their remarkable scheme of precautions to get a most important food, and one most susceptible of all to dangerous contamination, perfectly pure and rich.



MILCH ASSES AT HOME FARM, HARLESDEN.

preparations requiring much care and skill. This applies particularly to the facsimile human milk, which, owing to its absolute uniformity, its purity, and its freedom from being what I may call "subjectively" influenced, has great advantages over the natural supply.

"Now," said Mr. Welford, "I am going to give you some idea of the precautions taken by us. See, for instance, how we wash our cans, or churns, as we call them, even though not connected with butter-making. First, they are washed out with pure water in what may be called an ordinary way by hand, then they are moved to another trough, and superheated steam at a heavy pressure sweeps them out and scours them as clean as if they had been through a furnace, and, moreover, heats them to such a degree that they dry themselves. You won't find any nasty cloths or rags in our dairy. It would take a cast-iron microbe to survive that steam treatment."

"Yes," I interrupted, "but before the milk gets into the cans?"

"We get a large part of our milk from what we call the Home Farm at Willesden and Harlesden, half an hour's drive from here, and our cows, I may tell you, have been very successful since 1879 in winning prizes at agricultural shows. The grazing-land, though so near London, is peculiarly rich."

"But you cannot get all your milk from your own farms?"

"No, we cannot produce the immense quantity that we need daily. I wish we could, for it would save a great amount of time and trouble, since it is easy for us to see that the sanitary arrangements on our own farms are perfect. No, we take the milk of one hundred supplementary farms. As regards them, we have an elaborate and complete system of supervision contrived by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson and T. Lauder Brunton, M.D., F.R.S. As a first measure, all the sanitary arrangements of a new farm are thoroughly studied by an expert, and, if necessary, altered so as to suit our standard; then our veterinary surgeon examines all the cows, to see what state of health they are in, and those that do not satisfy him are taken from the farm. In addition to this, we make inquiries as to the health of the neighbourhood. If all seems well, we agree to take the milk, the farmer entering



HAY HARVEST, HAYCROFT FARM, WILLESSEN.

MISS MAUD JEFFRIES.

Miss Maud Jeffries, who is going to Australia to support Mr. Barrett, was born in 1870 "way down South in Dixie," on a cotton plantation, in Cahoma County, Mississippi, and until she reached the age of thirteen years she had never seen a city or a village of any kind. The solitude of the surroundings in which she lived so happily was



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES.

Photo by Doiney, Ebury Street, S.W.

doubtless the means of inculcating in her a love of home, parents, and brothers, which to this day is one of the most marked of the many beautiful and worthy traits in Miss Jeffries' character. At this period in her life she was sent to a large college in Columbia, Tennessee, where she remained until her nineteenth year. During her school-days all the entertainments promoted were placed in her hands to conduct, and every week she was relied upon for an interesting programme for the Friday-night concert. Monetary losses of a very serious nature made it necessary for her to earn her own living, and, looking upon the stage as one of the most likely vocations, she wrote to Mr. Augustin Daly, and, as a result, was given work with him in New York. Among the various plays she performed in under his management were "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "As You Like It." It was about this time that Miss Jeffries first saw Mr. Wilson Barrett act, and the romantic element surrounding the plays in which he took part so delighted her that she felt nothing would satisfy her until she became a member of his company. The outcome of a communication to Mr. Barrett was an offer from him, which Miss Jeffries immediately accepted, and she then made her first journey to England, playing a variety of small parts and understudying some of the larger ones, her first appearance in this country being at Liverpool. Miss Jeffries then came to the Metropolis, starting at the Olympic Theatre, and it was shortly after this that Mr. Barrett experienced some little difficulty about a leading lady. Miss Jeffries received an invitation to Mr. Barrett's home, where a few friends had assembled, and after dinner she was asked in a casual way to give the end of the second act of "Claudian." This was done, those present arranging themselves round and forming an audience, and at the conclusion they all expressed the utmost pleasure at her performance. It was then that Mr. Barrett told her he wished her to play "leading business." She was so utterly surprised at the proposition that she burst out sobbing, and said she would not do it, for she not only felt incapable of accomplishing it successfully, but she did not believe in such "jumps." Miss Jeffries immediately cabled home to America, telling her parents that she was leaving England by the next ship. The following day, as Mr. Barrett knew, she was lunching with some American friends, and he sent word to them to do all in their power to persuade her to accept his offer. Miss Jeffries' friends did nothing but talk to her of the advantages which would accrue to her from taking such a position, and eventually, out of sheer desperation, she accepted,

and it may safely be said has never regretted it. She had fourteen leading parts to get ready in three weeks, and since then she has been constantly with Mr. Barrett, a period of about seven years. During this time she has played many parts, and has appeared in the following among other plays: "Hamlet," "Othello," "Ben-my-Chree," "The Manxman," "Colour-Sergeant," "Chatterton," "The Miser," "The People's Idol," "The Acrobat," "Jenny the Barber," "A Clerical Error," "Our Pleasant Sins," "The Bondman," "Pharaoh," "The Silver King," "The Stranger," "Claudian," "Virginius," and lastly, "The Sign of the Cross." Miss Jeffries prefers "Virginius," chiefly because it departs somewhat from the beaten track, the interest not lying solely in the love of Icilius for Virginia, but as showing the great love between father and daughter. The reason Miss Jeffries turned her attention to the stage instead of teaching, which exercised a strong fascination for her, was because her parents felt she was more fitted for such a calling; and they had a good chance of judging, for in early youth—her years could not have numbered more than five in this great world—one of the joys of her father and the many friends assembled for the shooting season was to coax her out of her cosy bed after their day's sport and have her recite some simple or dramatic old poem.

She is passionately fond of an athletic and outdoor life, and her innumerable accomplishments—especially with the gun—are of no mean order. The sweet disposition of Miss Jeffries carries everything before her, and makes her loved and respected by everybody. J. W. L.

MISS CHRYSTAL DUNCAN.

Mr. Turner's Opera Company has done much during the past twenty years to keep alive a love of light English opera in places to which the Carl Rosa Company never penetrates. But in the larger provincial towns also Mr. Turner and his band of singers are always welcome visitors. The organisation was never in a better state than it is at present. The company is especially fortunate in having for its leading soprano Miss Chrystal Duncan, a lady who, as a singer and actress, is not unworthy to be ranked among the leading lyric artists on the stage. Miss Duncan, who is a native of Middlesbrough, had a thorough musical training at the Royal Academy under Signor Fiori. She has been a member of Mr. Turner's company for about ten years, and has for the greater part of that time sung continuously with it. During a short interval of four months, Miss Duncan was on tour with Mr. Ludwig, and sang Santa in "The Flying Dutchman" to that gentleman's Vanderdecken at the Crystal Palace and other theatres. Miss Duncan during



MISS CHRYSTAL DUNCAN.

Photo by Weatherley, Bolton.

her stage career has taken leading parts in something like twenty operas. Santuzza, in Mascagni's "Rustic Chivalry," is her favourite rôle, and she was the first to sing it in London in English. She looks forward with pleasure to soon getting the chance to play the leading soprano rôles in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," and for these her fine soprano voice and dramatic abilities eminently fit her.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

HISTORIC STUDIES.*

You are bewildered, like Aladdin, by the treasures the late General Meredith Read discovered and discloses in his "Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne, and Savoy." The discursiveness of the book—its sole fault—was, in fact, inevitable, owing to the embarrassment of riches in the shape of precious and unpublished manuscripts which the General was so fortunate to discover and so painstaking as to give eighteen years of his busy life to decipher and to compile. In Gibbon's old mansion at Lausanne, La Grotte, the vast garrets were crowded with chests of mouldy manuscripts, all of which were cheerfully, and perhaps gratefully, opened to the General's search and use. For this work he took up his abode in the ancient city. The historical discoveries made in that ancient mansion remind one of the enchanted "La Grotte" of old romance, wherein princes, knights, and courtly dames slumbered for centuries awaiting the curious adventurer who might awaken them. Similar accumulations he found in neighbouring cities, which, while including records of remote antiquity, contained unknown letters from great men and women of the last century—Rousseau, Madame de Warens, Voltaire, Gibbon, Frederick the Great, Euler, Allamand, Malesherbes, Madame Necker, Madame de Stael, and many others. In fact, you find yourself in an undress congress of

The dead but sceptred sovereigns who
still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

And in such an undress congress, according to Bacon, Wisdom herself speaks. "Letters written from wise men are of all the words of man, in my judgment, the best; for they are more natural than orations and public speeches, and more advised than conferences or present speeches." And the letters the General has discovered and deciphered are all the more natural and not the less wise because they were never intended to see the light. Not the least interesting of these letters is a humbly worded request from Napoleon, when a lieutenant of artillery, to Dr. Tissot to prescribe for his grand-uncle's gout. Tissot treasured his letters of importance, but tossed the others into waste-paper baskets, whose contents were emptied into a garret, and among this rejected rubbish was found Napoleon's letter superscribed thus by the Swiss doctor: "Lettre non répondue, peu intéressante." Voltaire fills a very large space in these volumes, and his wisest letter, perhaps, is his answer to the Duc de Choiseul's request for political advice, though its prediction about Prussia reads oddly to-day: "Now, if one wished to lay a wager, according to the rule of probabilities, the odds must be three to one that the Prussian power will be destroyed." His first principle, which he supports by striking historical illustrations, is, "that all men have been, are, and will be led by events. . . . Nothing of what you have seen has been foreseen," and, therefore, a settled plan of policy is impossible. "Ah, Monseigneur, Monseigneur, one must live from day to day when neighbours are to be taken into account! A plan may be followed at home, though plans scarcely ever are followed; but when one plays against others, one discards according to one's hand. A system, *Grand Dieu!* Everything is being destroyed, everything passes. I am greatly afraid that in important affairs it is as in physical science, one makes experiments without having a system." His second principle is "to have much money. The English only succeed with guineas, and a credit which increases their value tenfold." It is not, however, its principles, but their historical illustrations, which give this letter its weight. Side by side with this letter of Voltaire's you have as a foil an incredibly silly effusion of Euler's upon the same subject, foaming over with ferocious abuse of the Russians, to whom the great mathematician was destined to be indebted a little later for the shelter and support of his closing years. Rousseau also figures largely and odiously in these volumes, since all that the General brings to light about him confirms the popular impression of

his intense and base egotism, to which he sacrificed truth, honour, self-respect, his dearest friends and greatest benefactors. The General's disclosures about this apostle of the Revolution confirm also an observation which Edmond Scherer makes apropos of another hero of the Revolution, Diderot: "Sensibilité et sensualité font souvent bon ménage." The most interesting figure in the volumes for English readers is, however, Gibbon, while Gibbon's first friend, who, indeed, seems to have been the first friend of all who knew him, George Deyverdun, exercises a similar fascination upon those who make his indirect acquaintance in the General's pages. Here is a sentence or two from Gibbon's account to Deyverdun of the brilliant success of the first volume of his great work—

Mr. Cadell (my amiable publisher) first proposed to me a new edition of a thousand copies, and in a few days he considered he had sufficient reasons for begging me to allow him to raise the number to fifteen hundred. It will appear at the beginning of next month, and the honest personage already ventures to promise me that it will be sold off before the end of the year and that he will be compelled to importune me a third time. The volume, a handsome quarto, costs one guinea unbound, it sold, according to the expression of the publisher, like a threepenny pamphlet on the affairs of the day. I have contented myself with citing to you the least equivocal fact in favour of the history. It is said that the horse alone does not flatter kings when they decide to mount it. Should it not be added that the publisher alone never flatters authors when they take the fancy into their heads to have their books printed?

He adds to "the least equivocal" approval of the publisher, singularly strong testimonies to the brilliancy of the history from Robertson and Hume. Deyverdun undertook to translate the work into French, but the enterprise fell into the limbo of all this fascinating personage's ambitious designs. If, as the Portuguese proverb has it, "we go to heaven for what we do, and to hell for what we intended to do," Deyverdun is himself in a lower deep than limbo in expiation of all his abortive designs. It is most tantalising to read of the brilliancy of his conversation and of his correspondence, and to find it extinct as last November's meteors—

Like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.

Madame de Stael was enthusiastic in praise of his wit, grace, and originality; Lord Chesterfield in praise of his manners, and Gibbon of his critical judgment; but of these we have little more in evidence than their testimony. Here, however, are some lines of his worth quoting at once for themselves and for their subject, since their subject was

Gibbon's first love, Suzanne Curchod. By the way, the General gives you not only Gibbon's famous resignation of the lady in obedience to his father's command, "After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son," but also such equally priggish extracts from his love-letters as, "Since I have known you, Mademoiselle, all has been changed for me. A happiness greater than owning a kingdom, greater even than philosophy, may await me." Here, however, are Deyverdun's lines to the young lady to whom he had probably the honour of introducing Gibbon—

À LA PLUS AIMABLE DES REINES PAR LE PLUS
FIDÈLE DES SUJETS.

C'est moi qui le premier ai prévu ses grandeurs.
Sur son aimable front je posai la couronne.
Je présageais déjà l'éclat qui l'environne.
Je la voyais régner sur les tendres cœurs.
Reçois donc en ce jour mon hommage sincère.
Né chez un peuple libre, et peu fait pour les cours,
Je ne pourrais servir une reine ordinaire:
La crainte et le respect écartent les amours.
Mais quand le sentiment a dicté mon suffrage,
Quand d'aimables vertus ont captivé mon cœur,
La liberté pour moi cessé d'être un bonheur;
Je suis fier de mon esclavage.

These most interesting volumes are, I should add, profusely and finely illustrated.

RICHARD ASHE KING.



THE LATE GENERAL MEREDITH READ.

Reproduced from "Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne, and Savoy."

* "Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne, and Savoy." By the late General Meredith Read. Two Vols. London: Chatto and Windus.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

Mr. J. T. Day has unmistakable talent for play-writing. His farce "The Purser" did not hold the Strand long, it is true; but it was promising. His more serious comedy, "The Fanatic," produced on Thursday night, is better. Mr. Day has got hold of an idea—that rare quality in Strand comedy—and he works it out in four acts with delicacy and distinction. The comedy, poignant in its essence, consists in the clashing of temperaments—obvious enough, but not often brought out on the stage under similar circumstances. Isaiah Baxter, M.P. (Mr. Gurney), is a zealot of an uncompromising type—a teetotaller, a vegetarian, an instinctive crank. It is with characteristic foolishness, based in this instance, I take it, on philanthropy, that he marries a young woman (Miss Florence Fordyce) of widely different tastes, and sets about converting her. His path is not rendered any the easier by the appearance of an old lover of hers, Dr. Stirling (Mr. J. G. Grahame), from Africa, nor by the fact that his uncle, Sir Barbour McPherson (played with great humour and a true accent by Mr. Lesly Thomson), is a distiller of Scotch whisky. Baxter grows more and more rigid. The girl grows whiter and thinner under it all, and at last reaches the breaking point when her husband insists on mastery. She will defy him. She resolves to bolt with Stirling, who has been attending her, but the scheme is frustrated by her husband's private secretary, "Jimmy Fanshawe" (Mr. Nye Chart), who is also in love with her. Acting on his own responsibility, he invites Sir Barbour to carry her off to Scotland to recruit, and the M.P., already excited over a defeat in the House, returns home to die of heart-disease when he hears the news of his wife's departure. Mr. Day has worked out this idea clearly and not too insistently, though there are some faults. He has, at any rate, drawn some living people, and for that we should be grateful; and he has given us a comedy which is infinitely superior to three-fourths of the stuff that runs under managements which the public accept on sheer trust. Personally, I thoroughly enjoyed the play, which is very well acted, and I hope Mr. Day will not be discouraged from giving us more of his work.

The effort to strengthen the programme at the Avenue Theatre by changing the first two items has not been made very wisely. I cannot conceive that any human being would prefer "More Than Ever" to "My Lady's Orchard," which, despite some flaws in writing and faults in acting, was an interesting and daring attempt at real drama. Dimly one can remember the time when the popularity of "For Ever" rendered "More Than Ever" very funny; now it has rather the effect of

champagne too long opened. Yet the acting was good, and there were some amusing moments in the ghostly burlesque upon the dead melodrama. Mr. Brookfield gave a very clever little piece of acting. That "The Lady Burglar" is better than "The Baron's Wager" cannot be disputed. Indeed, it is almost a clever little play. One is quite thrilled by the position of the pretty burglaress when she is caught



MR. RICHARD CLARKE.

Photo by O'Shea, Limerick.

red-handed and turns the tables against the master of the house. Unfortunately, the authors have not the courage of their theme, and go off the track with a trick about a wager. Miss Julie Ring played cleverly as the burglaress.

Elsewhere I give a picture of Mr. Richard Clarke, the Piquillo of "La Périchole." Here he is in ordinary life, before the exigencies of Offenbach compelled him to forego his moustache. It is worth while comparing the pictures.

Mr. Charles Richman, who was introduced to us by Mr. Daly last year, is still with the "Company of Comedians," and rendered it good service when it was at the Grand Theatre a couple of weeks ago.

M. Lecatza, the Greek actor-manager who is to present to us a new Hamlet on Saturday, is a Greek only by nationality and sympathies, for he was born in one of the Ionian Isles, and came to England when only thirteen to study for the Evangelical Church. However, eventually he thought he would be of more use to his country as an actor, and decided to enter that profession, and, after passing through the usual useful provincial apprenticeship, he studied for some time under the late J. M. Bellew, and also had the benefit of playing with many of the great actors of that period, especially Phelps, Dillon, Barry Sullivan, and James Anderson. He has climbed the ladder of fame step by step, and in 1881 appeared under his own surname in Liverpool as Hamlet, Richelieu, Shylock, Claude Melnotte, Charles Surface, Iago, &c., and would have immediately come to London had not family bereavement and trouble called him back to Athens, where he has remained ever since until last July. In that beautiful city he has revolutionised the theatre by introducing Shakspeare to them, and has already translated "Hamlet," "Richard III.," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "King Lear," and, later on, the ever-popular comedy of "Money." M. Lecatza was appointed Professor of Dramatic Art at the Odeon at Athens, and has formed companies and travelled through all the principal cities of Eastern Europe, as well as all the great Greek centres, where he has stirred up a love of art and patriotism. M. Lecatza will return to Athens as manager of the National Theatre when better days dawn for that beautiful city.



MR. CHARLES RICHMAN, OF DALY'S COMPANY.

Photo by Falk, New York.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The great strike of the engineers, injuring as it does the chief stronghold of British manufacture, which had hitherto held out against foreign competition, is a matter of practical interest to all of us. Our Navy has to halt in its progress, that employers and workmen may lose many weeks in order to settle whether an hour more of overtime shall be reckoned in the day. And the result, when it comes, will be merely a test of relative obstinacy; it will not be accepted as final.

But the present dispute, an admitted national calamity, may serve to make us ask ourselves what are the rights—not of this particular case, but of labour disputes in general. There is no doubt that some general principle is needed to enable us to judge which side we will support in industrial disputes. And the present case is one in which the issues to be fought out are tolerably clear. Where the right of the case lies, or whether there is any definite right at all, is another matter.

For, while it is true that the interests of Capital and Labour are identical to a certain point, beyond that point they are diametrically opposite. There is a certain price, fairly well known at any given time, which represents the maximum price that a manufacturer can charge without losing his trade to his foreign competitor. There is also another known figure, representing the minimum cost of materials and plant. All between these sums remains to be divided between employer and workmen. But here again the practical margin is narrowed. The owner of the capital will expect a certain rate of interest or profit; if he cannot get this, he will not invest his money. The workman must have enough wages to keep him in the standard of comfort accepted in his class. He will not work unless he has this. The margin remains to be fought for. Who is to have it? and who had better have it, for the interests of the nation?

What, then, is the influence of Masters' and Trades' Unions respectively on the prosperity of the nation? It is not the interest of employers now, as it once was, to starve and oppress their workmen. Excessive poverty means inferior work, and it is cheaper to pay one good man well than three at starvation rates. There is no monopoly now in any branch of the world's trade; the watchful foreigner stands ready to snatch up special skill and pay well for its use. Apart from the coarser mechanical part of the work, which might be done by machines or unskilled labourers, the special processes that give the chief value to the goods produced are well paid, and it is not the real interest of the employer to pay them otherwise than well. But the pay must be *his* pay, fixed by himself, and liable to change at his will. He must feel free to dismiss and engage as he wishes, to arrange the details of his business exactly as he chooses, to introduce what machinery he likes, and, in fine, to be the sole master in his own department. The workmen, he thinks, might be well paid, but they should, in return, obey absolutely.

The interests of the Trade Union are widely different. Its importance is determined by its numbers, and its funds depend on its members having work. Thus, the first two requisites for a successful Union are to have many members and to keep most of the members in paying work. In other words, the first interest of the Trade Union is to have the largest possible number of men attached to it and employed in the business with which it is connected. But it is not the interest of the Union that there should be any great difference in wages between its most and its least skilled members.

It is, therefore, the interest of the Union to have very many members, all in fairly constant work, and all receiving a nearly uniform wage. Any important change in processes or machinery is disagreeable to the organisation; it causes a considerable displacement in the conditions of the trade, it necessitates corresponding changes in the system of the Union, it involves a certain amount of new learning, and the numerous stupid members of the organisation fall out altogether. This levelling-down and levelling-up tends to make the average workman prosperous in an average manner by following traditional methods, and, if left to itself, would tend more and more to stereotype a fairly comfortable world. But every country has foreign competitors, and inventors will not wait. The equalising tendency must result in making the best workmen do less than they can—or be underpaid; while the inferior men, unable to exceed their ability, are necessarily overpaid. It must also tend to induce a conservative attitude among workmen. Trades Unionists do not smash labour-saving machinery now, perhaps; but they see to it that it does not save too much labour.

In a word, the question is the old one between Socialism and Individualism, between Equality and Progress—or it would be, were the whole world one country. But this is not the case; and the veiled commercial war going on complicates the issues of the dispute. For one country's starvation is another country's bread.

In these circumstances it is somewhat *too* innocent for Labour leaders to cheer on their followers by declaring that German workmen are contributing to keep up the strike. German employers might well do the same. Worthy demagogues, it is very kind of the German artisans, no doubt; but they are not charitable for nothing. You have their subscriptions, and they—they have your wages.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Meredith has made the selection of his poems, recently issued by Messrs. Constable, for plain men. Plain men don't often read poetry, unfortunately; but if they did, and could forgive the sins of involved construction and puzzling ellipsis, they would be surprised to find how simple is the matter sung of by a writer whose prose is the plain man's terror. Beyond songs of the joy of earth and of delight in the struggle of life, since there is no avoidance of it, there is not very much else; and what there is may be passed by without leaving too great a gap in comprehension. Of contemporary poets there is hardly one less read; there is hardly one who sings so sincerely of common things that touch us all. So much for our plaint that modern poets live in a world where plain folks cannot follow them. Sometimes one longs, as in "The Thrush in February," that Tennyson had trimmed and pointed the verse, melodious though it is; but his lyric note is genuine, if it be a capricious, fugitive, wayward thing. He has held it fast in "The Last Ascending," "Love in the Valley," "Phœbus with Admetus," and, perhaps, half-a-dozen others. This volume of selections is sure to spread his too narrow poetical fame. It would be strange if the writer who has been admired and feared for his over-subtlety and difficulty should still be longest remembered for the poems he wrote for lovers of the country, say, for his sweet praise of the lark's song—

The starry voice ascending spreads,
Awakening, as it waxes thin,
The best in us to him akin;
And every face to watch him raised
Puts on the light of children praised,
So rich our human pleasure ripens
When sweetness on sincerity pipes.

I would beg a portion of the leisure of poetry-lovers for a tiny volume of verse just sent out by Mr. Lane, "The Earth-Breath, and Other Poems," by "A. E." "A. E.," as a good many people know, is Mr. George Russell, a young Dublin poet. This is not his first volume of verse. A few years ago there appeared an unobtrusive little paper-covered book, called "Homeward: Songs by the Way," his first venture. A comparison of the two small volumes is full of interest. Their titles reflect their varying contents. Mr. Russell is a mystic; he has few natural bonds to the common, sordid life of the world. This, from the preface, is the keynote of the earlier book: "I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labours yet unaccomplished; but filled ever and again with home-sickness, I made these songs by the way." In "The Earth-Breath" he sings a different tune. He combats the spirit, because the plain voice of mankind is in his ears. The mystic, too, has his social ties and duties—

Not alone, not alone would I go to my rest in the heart of the love;

Were I tranced in the innermost beauty, the flame of its tenderest breath,
I would still hear the plaint of the fallen recalling me back from above,
To go down to the side of the mourners who weep in the shadow of death.

So, if the airier beauty of "Homeward" chilled some readers afraid of lonely heights, they should give themselves the chance of being comforted by the "Earth-Breath," warmed by a pitying love for humankind. A sincerer poet we have not among us than "A. E."

Novels are pouring out of the publishers' doors. I pick out two for notice, for the sake of their difference. The first is Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "Lawrence Clavering" (Innes). Mr. Mason will be remembered as the writer of a vivacious adventure story, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," and less surely for "The Philanderers," where the scenes were mostly drawing-room ones. Now he is back again at the fighting and intriguing and hairbreadth escapes, and they seem to be the things he was born to deal with. If he could but divest himself, or rather, his heroes, of a certain over-solemn manner, he would be among the very best of the many writers in this field. He has energy; he takes pains; his backgrounds are effective, and many of his personages interesting. This story of the early Jacobite risings is a creditable piece of writing, and as a tale it is not likely to be skipped and yawned over by anyone with the slightest appetite for such things, though Clavering himself casts a rather sleepy shadow over parts of it. He is desperate and daredevil enough to please the most sensation-loving boy, but he wants the laugh and lightness that elder readers demand as accompaniment to the hiding and plotting and slashing and slaying of this kind of story.

"Marrietta's Marriage" (Heinemann), by Mr. W. E. Norris, is of a very different order. It is far cleverer; it appeals more to men of the world. It must also be said that, though its scenes are laid in prosperous modern drawing-rooms, it is a good deal more fatiguing. It would be difficult to overestimate the ability it displays, its keen reading of human nature, the careful realism of its descriptions of life to-day. There are at least three excellent portraits in it; the clever villain, Strahan, with his most creditable demeanour to the world, his bold financial genius, and his fine nerve for facing the perils of his own ill-doing; the discontented heroine, and the breezy, frank, slangy child, Lady Betty, the terror of her family, and yet so sound at the core. But one rises from an admiring reading of the book with something like disappointment. Was Marrietta worth all the careful analysis, all the painstaking explanation, all the tragic incident? She was merely the discontented woman. She had no other point of interest at all. She had not the courage of her discontent; she was without strong passions. And to reconcile her to a most devoted husband, unusually rich, and of unusually good position, costs two lives and no end of lesser troubles. If mere discontent be interesting in itself, however, Mr. Morris is justified, and for his book there will be nothing but praise.

O. O.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—Wednesday, Oct. 27, 5.40; Thursday, 5.37; Friday, 5.35; Saturday, 5.33; Sunday, 5.30; Monday, 5.29; Tuesday, 5.27.

They tell me the recent regulation concerning candidates for her Majesty's service is likely to cause a slight depression in the cycle trade, because comparatively few of the raw-boned youths at present studying for the Army turn the scale at ten stone, and those who do will not risk being spun by spinning about on wheels—a form of exertion well known to reduce weight. Indeed, the best sort of exercise that the aspiring warrior can now indulge in is the exercise called "running to fat." I hear that one Army crammer has already placed the more "shrimpine" among his pupils upon a diet of oil-cake and dumb-bells.

It is very well for we Englishmen to stand upon our dignity and crow lustily that nobody can compete against us. I am an Englishman to the backbone, and as patriotic as the staunchest Tory that ever smoked half-crown cigars within Boodle's or Arthur's charmed portals, but I cannot close my eyes to the damning fact that in some respects we are being beaten on our own ground by the ubiquitous American. Why is this? Simply because the American "shoves along" where we "hang back"

I do not think that there will be any very great change in cycling costumes this winter. No doubt the sleeves are smaller, and in Paris there is a decided inclination to diminish the width of the "culotte." Cycling-suits for ladies made in corduroy velveteen seem to be popular, and are certainly deliciously warm. The coat and knickerbockers are made of the corduroy, and the blouse or waistcoat of a bright tartan, or sometimes in white or coloured silk or piqué, with a black or coloured necktie. I saw a pretty grey velveteen costume made for a well-known Parisienne. The knickerbockers were made very like riding-breeches, the coat being cut rather in the style of a Russian blouse, opening in front with revers of red silk. The pretty red silk waistcoat was cut low in front to show a wide stock of black silk. A little grey felt toque was worn with this costume, trimmed with grey and black quills, fastened with a large paste buckle. The boots were buttoned up to meet the "culottes," the tops being black cloth. The gloves were also black. I could not help thinking how pretty the fair rider would look in this fascinating little dress.

Speaking of boots for cycling, I think that high, well-made boots, with dark cloth tops, buttoned up the leg, are much more becoming than the much-despised gaiters made in cloth or stockinette that have been so long worn; at the same time, I think that a great many riders will still



IN THE PARK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THIELE AND CO., CHANCERY LANE.

or remain stationary. I have travelled in every part of the United States, and the more I see of Americans the more obvious the fact becomes. Last week I visited the new premises just opened by the makers of the Cleveland Cycles at Nos. 24, 25, 26, and 27, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, and once more I was struck by the extraordinary "up-to-dateness" of the American manufacturer. There, in Orchard Street, a complete bicycle manufactory, perfect in every respect, has sprung up, as it would seem, in a single night. I went all over the show-rooms, as well as the buildings, upstairs, downstairs, below stairs, and the young American manager could not have been more courteous in his manner and more painstaking in his explanations. And whereas certain English firms are still keeping their prices up to twenty-eight and thirty pounds net, here we see the very best Cleveland bicycles offered for sale at fifteen guineas. Certainly we shall have only ourselves to blame if ultimately the cycle trade of Great Britain is ruined by American competition. Then, as I have remarked before in these columns, the astute American dealer has been quick to notice that his English customers love to be treated civilly and with deference, whereas the attendants in some of our English shops still assume the good-as-you-and-better, take-it-or-leave-it attitude which in itself drives away many and many a would-be purchaser. Hundreds of duplicates of every part of the Cleveland machine are always in stock at No. 27, Orchard Street, so that nearly all repairs can be executed practically "while you wait." This is, of course, a great convenience.

wear shoes and gaiters in spite of Dame Fashion, because in a shoe the ankle has so much more play than in a boot, and it is therefore less tiring and much easier to ride a long distance.

Judging from the recent Police Reports, the tide which has long ebbed against the cyclists appears to have turned, and is now flowing in their favour. At Chesham County Court, Judge Marten gave a decision of considerable importance. A man had left his bicycle outside a post-office while he went in to send off a telegram. Meanwhile, a horse attached to a grocer's cart bolted, and, dashing into the bicycle, damaged it. The judge decided that the cyclist was not guilty of contributory negligence in leaving his machine by the roadside, and awarded him the amount claimed.

At Kingston-on-Thames also the cyclist came off victorious. This was a case of a schoolboy being run into by a waggon belonging to the Wimbledon Gas Company, which smashed his bicycle beyond repair, as well as inflicting injuries upon the unfortunate rider. The judge awarded him eleven pounds and costs.

The following, which I gather from a contemporary, is not bad. A notice is posted on the banks of a certain canal to this effect: "Bicycles, horses, or any other animals not allowed on tow-path." The iron steed now, apparently, has its place in the animal kingdom, and next time I visit the "Zoo" I intend to ask if they acquired a specimen of the "bone-shaker" before it became an extinct animal.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

HUNTING.

The new Master of the Kildare Hounds is Lieut.-Colonel H. de Robeck (late R.I.A.), son of Baron de Robeck, who was Master of the famous Irish pack from 1862 to 1868. Colonel de Robeck is well known as an all-round sportsman, and as such is a great favourite with all classes.



LIEUT.-COLONEL H. DE ROBECK.

More perhaps depends on the popularity of the Master of Hounds in Ireland than it does elsewhere, and the "Killing Kildares" are fortunate in finding in the county such a successor to their late Master, Major St. Leger Moore, who retired this spring after hunting the country since 1884. The Kildare Kennels are at Jigginstown, Naas, and, being of comparatively recent erection, have all the most improved fittings and arrangements. The entry this year was fourteen couple, bringing the strength of the pack up to fifty-six couple—none too many when it is remembered that the Kildares hunt four days a week, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and possess a territory of about seven hundred square miles. The Hunt stud numbers thirty

hunters, all of the high class required for one of the "biggest countries" in Ireland, over which only a bold and clever horse can live anywhere near hounds. The Kildares have shown some good sport with the cubs this season, and reports speak well of the fox supply. Kildare is happy in being a county of sportsmen, where the ambition of every farmer is to breed a hunter, and "walking puppies" is counted among the first duties of man. Frank Goodall, who has carried the horn for many seasons, remains with Colonel de Robeck.

Masters of Hounds and Huntsmen are a long-lived race. The reflection is inspired by the remarks of the *Field* in its Hunting Number published on the 16th inst., in which, however, I observe some small mistakes. Mr. John Lawrence has hunted the Llangibby hounds for forty seasons, and Mr. Garth the famous pack that bears his name for fifty; both these records are beaten, however, by that of Mr. John Crozier, who presides over the destinies of the Blencathra, a little pack which the "hardy Northmen" follow on foot among the crags and fells of the district which includes Helvellyn, Skiddaw, and Seawfell. Mr. Crozier has been Master for fifty-eight years, and claims the proud position due the "Oldest M.F.H. in the World." If he puts in two more seasons he will break the Mastership record, now, if I am not mistaken, at credit of the late Mr. J. J. F. Farquharson, who hunted the whole of Dorsetshire for fifty-nine years.

Everything promises well for the hunting season so near at hand. Most of my numerous correspondents declare that there are only too many foxes, but I daresay by the time the cubbing is over this fault on the right side will be removed. There is no whisper of mange from Yorkshire, so far, but in some districts there are not so many litters as could be wished. Hunting prophecies are not to be lightly indulged in, however; he were a bold man who dared promise a good or bad scenting season, to leave the frost factor out of question altogether.

ANGLING.

Anglers will hear with concern that Loch Leven, that elysium of the trout-fisher, is suffering from the invasion of a Canadian water-weed which by some means has established itself in parts of the loch, and, finding its new habitat much to its liking, has spread with alarming rapidity. In the comparatively shallow water between the pier and the churchyard the weed has thriven with extraordinary celerity, and the northern end of the loch is also choked with it. They are taking steps to remove this fatal obstruction to angling, and it is to be hoped means will be found to exterminate it, or Loch Leven may say adieu to its position among the lakes of Scotland. I would suggest that the water-fowl, which have been attracted in large numbers by the seeding plants, should be encouraged: they will probably do more in the way of checking its spread than any amount of dragging. In some parts the weed is said to be so thick that it is difficult to get a boat through it; the luxuriance with which an imported plant flourishes when it does strike root is extraordinary, as witness the thistle and the water-cress in New Zealand. Whence came the parent weed to Loch Leven, and how, in the first place?

RACING NOTES.

The Cambridgeshire will, as I expected, turn out to be the biggest speculative medium of the year, and the winner may take some finding. Thanks to the excellent going at Newmarket just now, many horses with doubtful legs will be allowed to start, and the field should be well up to the average. Yorker is much fancied by Sir Blundell Maple; but I am told the horse lacks courage and is a very shy finisher. Balsamo is expected to run well, and Eager may go close; but I think the race rests between Bradwardine and Ashburn, and I like them as their names are written.

Will Mrs. Langtry win the Cambridgeshire with Maluma, and thus complete a rare double? is the question that is exercising a good many minds just now. Sir Blundell Maple nearly succeeded in accomplishing the feat three years ago with Childwick and Gangway, the latter running up against such a Tatar as Indian Queen. Now Mrs. Langtry has captured the Cesarewitch with Merman, and she has another Australian mare in the shorter race which last week won a trial, but which previously in the Duke of York Stakes made a very indifferent show. If the public form is to be taken as a true guide to Maluma's form, no Cambridgeshire will come Mrs. Langtry's way this year, for the mare will have to beat a much hotter field at Newmarket than beat her at Kempton.

How often do we read when a young boy steers the winner of a big handicap that he is modest and well-behaved, and again, how often has it to be said later on that these qualities diminish with years! I trust it will not be so with young Sharples, who rode Merman in the Cesarewitch. In Fred Webb he has a good and clever master, and one who is not backward in giving a youngster a mount when the chance affords. Sharples, although only sixteen years old, has had some experience in France as well as in England, and has known what it is to receive the cuffs. Now that the ha'pence are coming his way, Webb banks them for him, and when he arrives at a sufficient age to take them over for himself he should know better than a good many how to take care of them.

If the Jockey Club intend to make the starting-machine an institution in this country, they should order that all two-year-old races in 1898 be started by machine, then all two- and three-year-old races in 1899, and all races in 1900. Further, starting-machines should be erected on the gallops at Newmarket for the use of trainers. I am certain the starting-machine would put an end to jockey rings, and in time it would be a great boon to owners and trainers of horses.

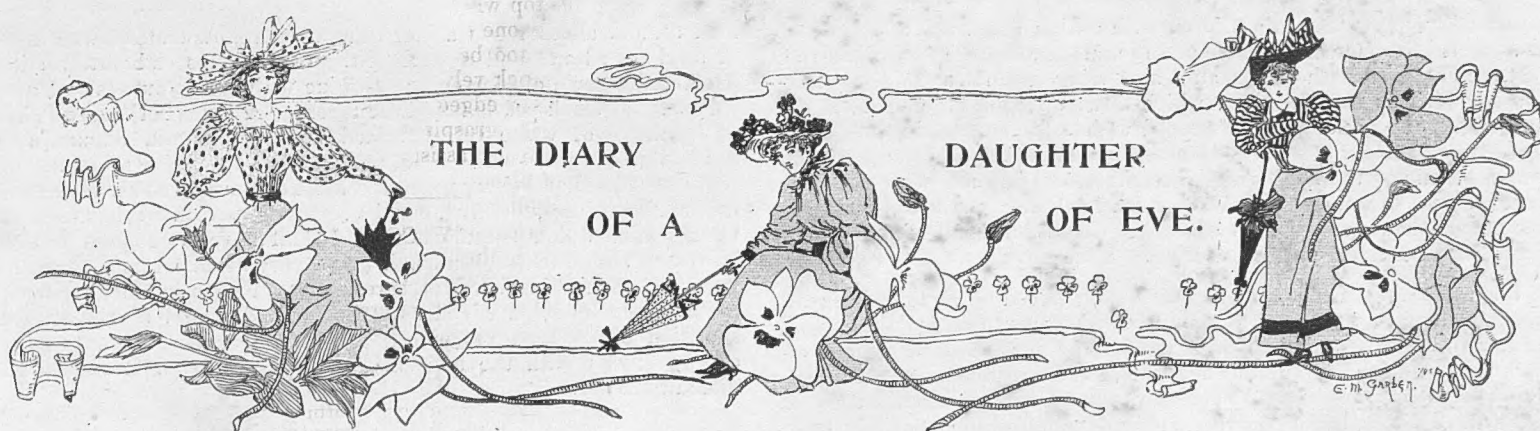
Directly the jumping season begins objections are rife, which shows that none but stewards who could attend should be appointed for meetings held under National Hunt Rules. It is a very bad advertisement for the sport when so many objections take place, and I think the authorities ought to punish severely anyone making a frivolous complaint. At the same time, I hope any jockey found guilty of wilful foul riding will be warned off without further ado, as the risk to life and limb is something to think about. A mere caution would serve no good purpose, so far as some of the rough-riding division are concerned.

Several racing officials have complained to me of the National Hunt rule under which half the added money each day has to be given to steeplechases, and I do think, if the sport is to succeed, this rule will have to be relaxed. At some little meetings we see ten or a dozen starters for a maiden hurdle-race, while a couple or three starters for a steeplechase is a fair average. Further, little punters do not care to trust their money to steeplechasing while they favour hurdle-racing. Again, there are too many risks in the training of a good horse for steeplechasing, and many owners draw the line at the Grand National. As a result, many of the horses that run at Liverpool are seldom seen out elsewhere.

The facility and frequency with which one or two jockeys have lost on favourites and won on outsiders has been marked during this season, and especially during the last few weeks. Several animals have run, and, before their races, one has wondered and remarked, "This is a certainty." But they have gone down, and have been, in fact, nearer last than first. On the other hand, horses that have not previously shown that they were capable of racing, have suddenly developed form, and have been returned winners at long prices. These things have not been noticed by a few, they have been the subject of conversation by many followers of racing, and remarks a long way the reverse of complimentary I have too frequently heard lately in connection with one or two riders. The upheavals of form may have been, and were, very likely, due to natural causes, but it would be difficult to convince a good many people who witnessed them that such was the case.

The extraordinary growth of the telegraph service in connection with racing is simply amazing. Mr. Mason was telling me only the other day of the time when the Post Office wire now used at the Boat-Race was in 1869 run on to the Cambridgeshire Hill for use at Newmarket. The Marquis of Hartington expressed his pleasure at the enterprise of the department over which he presided, he being at the time Postmaster-General. So much for the enterprise. Now for the tortoise speed shown at the G. P. O. An official called upon me on Oct. 20 this year, having made the remarkable discovery that I had not received a telegram despatched to my office on Oct. 9!

CAPTAIN COE.

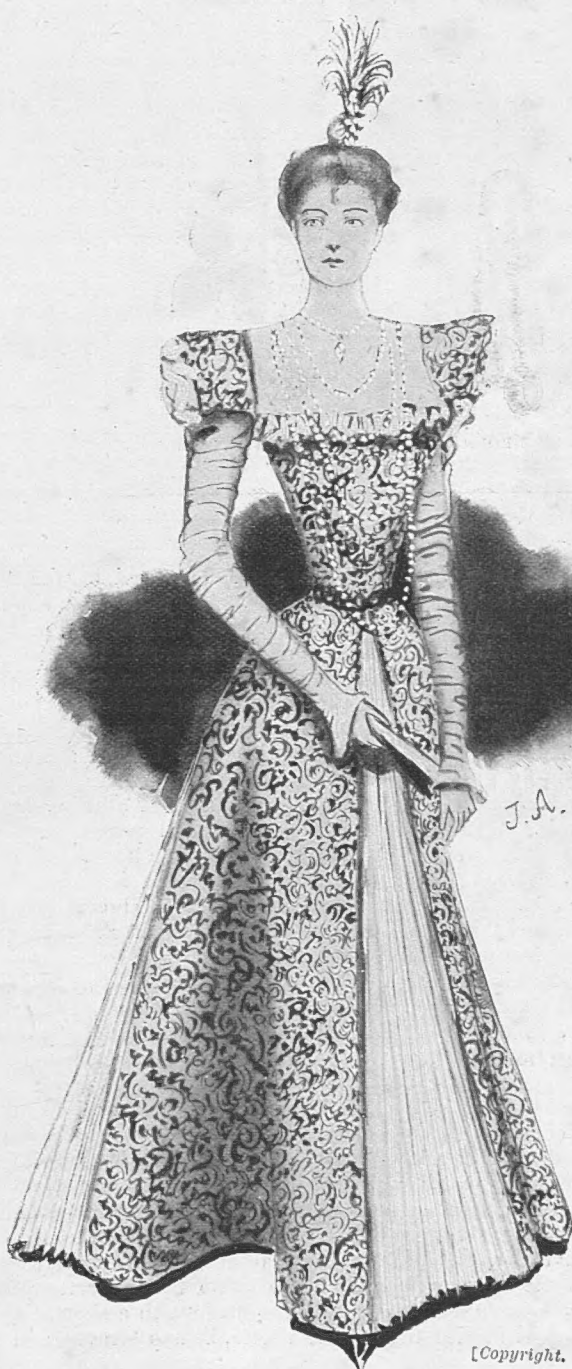


Monday: I have just had another letter from Julia, who writes—
 “DEAREST,—This is the last letter you will receive from me, because I am coming home, when you shall have beautiful accounts of lovely gowns poured into your ear for many a weary hour. I have been interviewing

in amaranth velvet, cut in long swathed lines, crossed in front with medallions of a paler shade. An insertion of braiding in two shades puts in its appearance about a quarter of a yard from the hem. The best of the ball-dresses at Laferriere's are of jetted black net over white satin.



A VELVET CLOAK FROM JAY'S.



[Copyright.]

A JET EVENING-DRESS LINED WITH WHITE LISSE.

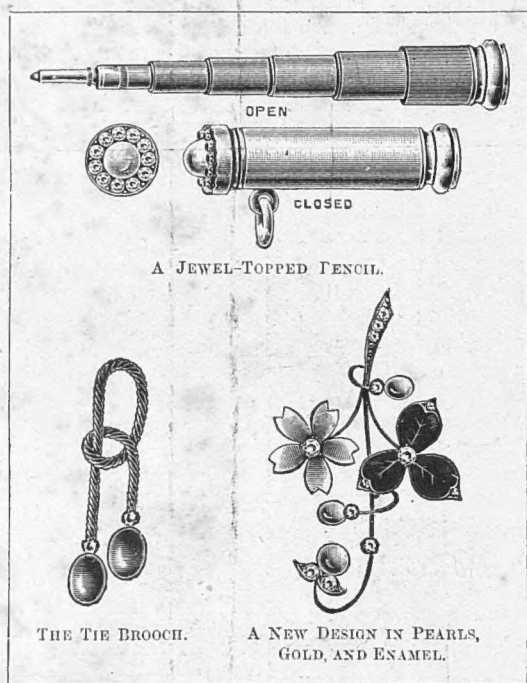
the frocks at Laferriere's, and find they are all either in a very fine make of cloth or velvet, and the two styles which obtain are the Princess shape and the blouse-coat. One charming gown is of soft silvery blue, covered with a flat braid, hemmed with astrachan. The bodice hangs loosely over a band in the front, and is quite tight at the back. Another costume, and this promises to be very successful with the Parisiennes, is

Figurez-vous (I am nothing if not French) a dead-white satin gown, covered with poppies and leaves in raised lemon-coloured velvet, the skirt fitting tightly at the hips, with scarcely any fullness, but gradually widening as it reaches the ground. The bodice is low back and front, and a flounce of old Venetian point outlines the neck.

“All the fur jackets, so I hear from Grunwaldt, who, as you know, is

the authority, are in the blouse form, with a high collar and a basque in tabs. This style is made in sable and in sealskin, and the throat and the waist are encircled with jewels, steel also being much used. A novelty for the beautifying of the collar, which turns up round the neck, is an inner ruffling of silk or velvet, fastened with a large pleated bow. This is made in any colour to suit the beauties or want of them of the proposed wearer. Some of the fur blouse-jackets fasten at one side with a frill of pleated silk. Ermine is still to be worn for lining, and broad-tail is to have much attention from the authorities. And that is all I know about clothes, and I am very tired of writing.—Yours ever, "JULIA."

Wednesday.—I met a very elegant young friend of mine in Regent Street this morning. She was wending her footsteps towards Wilson and Gill's, No. 134, in order to investigate some jewel-topped pencils of which she had heard favourable accounts. Information on any subject fashionable thus easily and honestly earned was irresistible, so I accompanied her on her merry way, and duly admired the pencils, which



NOVELTIES AT WILSON AND GILL'S.

are telescoped from the smallest space, and are decorated at the top with a coloured jewel surrounded by diamonds. No muff-chain should be considered complete without one of these; they are wonderfully pretty. And wonderfully pretty too are Wilson and Gill's newest brooches in the shape of careless knots with pear-shaped pearls at the end. Their latest necklace has charms made of very fine gold chains with pearls set at intervals. The front has two rows in festoon shape, alternating with a row of diamonds set carelessly. Another new brooch is in the shape of a dragon-fly glittering with diamonds and rubies, and yet another takes the form of a lizard, and there is a most alluring little tortoise of diamonds. Little chains with diamonds and pearls are used in all sorts of shapes, and next week there is to arrive a novel jewelled slide for holding a watered ribbon round the neck, which is to be fitted with a fob at the end. This sounds fascinating, and shall certainly be interviewed the moment it sets its foot—Have jewelled slides feet, I wonder?—upon the counter of 134, Regent Street.

Friday.—I woke this morning to find my wardrobe likely to become famous for want of a loose dress; not one of any description had I in my possession. There is no use in buying one tea-gown—anybody who wants one of such garments wants two. The first, I decided, should be of economical intention, made of Louis Velveteen, a fabric which has ever and always much of my respect, and this year the new colours are full of persuasive charm. There are a brick-red and a light green, both alike fascinating. I chose the latter, and I am going to have it lined with pale blue, with a collar of Flemish lace that has been in my possession for many years, and a front of pale-green silk and a jewelled belt. Louis Velveteen wears admirably. I recollect once having a tea-gown of it that lasted for two winters, the remnants of it being ultimately cut up to make my little niece a frock. There is no fabric prettier for children than velveteen, an ideal costume being made with a short, tight bodice showing a white muslin tucked chemisette, bishop sleeves, and a plain skirt.

My second gown must come from Jay's; this I have decided after a long interview with the clever manageress of the tea-gown department in this attractive establishment. I was in there the other day, when the place was so full I asked the authorities whether by any chance it was a giving-away morning. The crowd with its patient air suggested the poor folks outside a fish-shop on a Saturday night. They were waiting for hours for the tit-bits of fashion, but they wanted them quite fresh; they would not have been satisfied with them stale, like the recipients of the fishmonger's bounty. And the price of their tit-bits? Well, Jay's are not cheap, but they are very good. One model gown of soft pink crêpe-de-Chine is a mass of the tiniest tucks and a joy to

look at, and another has a lace train over yellow chiffon, with a front of steel-traced net and a steel belt. Satin hems elaborately stitched decorated a gown of blue crêpe-de-Chine with lace flounces and a tight collarette of black pearls round the throat. A Louis XIV. gown showed an appliqué of white velvet traced with pearls and diamonds on a foundation of oyster-white satin, and an ideal Josephine dress had little wreaths of gold and silver upon it. Most of the gowns are made with a chemisette at the top which can be removed at will. I have not made up my mind which one to choose. I shall have to go again to decide. They are all quite too beautiful. And very beautiful is a cloak I saw here too, made of black velvet, traced with a design in black satin, which has a wonderful collar edged with ermine, and would be the legitimate ambition of the least grasping of women. I shall yet have to write an ode to Jay's; with the assistance of my unpaid bill it should be no difficult matter.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

EDYTHE.—What a nice letter you have written to me—you don't know how much pleasure it has given me! No, I have not given up writing "The Diary of a Daughter of Eve," I have only transferred it to these columns, where you may command me as ever. The only alteration I should suggest in your Russian blouse is a touch of ermine somewhere, or white caracule. You might have the outside of the high collar made of black Persian lamb, and the facings down the front; but just inside the high collar and inside the front have a small hem of white caracule or white ermine; a white satin lining and a belt of cut-steel in medallions, I should like. Ask for my fitter at Simmons', and also for the young lady who attended to my piqué bodice—she is most clever, and will see you obtain a success. Cerise moiré for the cloak, by all means, but line it with a lighter red, and have capes of three shades of red velvet cut in petal-shaped tabs round the shoulders. I should like to this a high collar of chinchilla, tied with a scarf of rose chiffon much frilled at the ends. I expect I shall skate at Niagara most frequently. I fancy Prince's is to open immediately, and, of course, I shall go there sometimes. I have an affection for Hengler's, too, where I had my first lessons, and I am certain many a morning will find me wasting my time there. I love skating. I would have written to you privately, but I have not your address.

TERRY.—Wilson and Gill, 134, Regent Street, would rearrange those pearls for you—have an inch of fine gold chain between each. You will find many new designs of neck-chains and muff-chains there: a novel and pretty idea is a double gold and pearl chain for the neck, with a fine row of diamond and gold chain between; these are of graduated lengths, and form a festoon very becoming to the throat. You might have three rows arranged on this principle. My compliments for yours.

BOYSEY.—You would get beaded or jewelled lace to serve such purpose at Marshall and Snelgrove's, in Oxford Street; the price varies according to the elaboration; you would need piece-lace, not flounce-lace—explain this when you write to them for patterns.

A. N. Y.—At last I am able to help you. Dry your rose-leaves, then sprinkle them well with lavender-water of the best quality; leave them a whole day to dry again thoroughly, and then mix them liberally with *pot-pourri* sachet-powder, also of the best quality. You will find this quite a success.

PALM-LEAF.—Buy a plaid glacé tie at Marshall and Snelgrove's for half-a-crown—nothing could be cheaper or more effective. Shoobred, Tottenham Court Road, has capital coat-and-skirt costumes for two guineas complete, or three guineas with the coat lined with silk.

VIRGINIA.

THE LATEST HEATER.

The latest "slot" machine has for its basis the utilisation of lost heat, and provides for the attachment to an ordinary street gas-lamp of an automatic device whereby the waste heat of the lamp is made to supply boiling water, without any interference with the light-giving properties of the lamp. By depositing a halfpenny in the slot, you will be able to obtain a gallon of hot water, or, if so desired, water which has reached the boiling point. The difficulty of transferring the heat at the top of a lamp to the bottom, or *vice versa*, has been met by a simple automatic device, by which cold water is fed into a spiral coil and superheating chamber placed about one foot above the flame. In this the water is converted into steam, which is expelled by its own expansive force through an ordinary deadweight safety-valve, down or up a pipe, to the base of the column, or, in a house, to a floor above, where, through coils of iron pipes, it heats the water contained in the reservoir. This reservoir, in the case of an outdoor lamp, is connected with the water-main of the street, and, by a further ingenious application of the automatic principle, as soon as a gallon is drawn off the boiler fills again. The invention has been taken up by the Pluto Hot Water Syndicate.



Some time ago an English review noticed a touching story of the devotion shown to the men under his command by Lieutenant Julien Viaud (Pierre Loti), commander of the French gunboat *Javelot*. A similar incident has just taken place while the crew of the *Javelot* were going through some gun-practice. A sailor who was fulfilling the duties of marker was struck by a ball which hit a stone and then rebounded and wounded him in the head. The man was at once conveyed to Hendaye in a carriage, but no hospital was to be found in that district, and, as the accommodation of the *Javelot* was too cramped to allow the invalid to be nursed on board, M. Pierre Loti had the wounded man taken to his own house, which was not far distant, where he is receiving the most careful attention. M. Pierre Loti has an almost sacred love for the sea, which he apostrophises so beautifully in his dedication to "Mon Frère Yves." His position in the French Navy brings him into close relations with the life of the sea.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Nov. 9.

MONEY MARKET.

The Bank Rate, not having been altered on Thursday last, remains at 3 per cent. The Bank Return disclosed the fact of considerable transactions having taken place during the week. Thus, "Other" securities showed a decrease of as much as £3,113,185, and Government Securities of £1,200,000. On the other side of the account, "Other" deposits fell £4,217,409, while public deposits rose to the extent of £134,569. The net loss in bullion for the week amounted to £141,359, and as notes returned on balance for £362,750, the reserve was strengthened by £221,391, raising its proportion to liabilities to 48·30 per cent., a rise of 4·59 per cent.

JUBILEE WINDINGS-UP.

We can understand the tardiness with which the directors of Jubilee syndicates fix the dates for meeting their shareholders face to face. Extraordinary General Meetings of two of these Diamond Jubilee concerns were held last week, disclosing, as might have been expected, a most disastrous state of affairs. In the case of the Diamond Jubilee Corporation a resolution to wind up the company voluntarily was carried, while the shareholders of the Diamond Jubilee Syndicate No. 2 refused to carry a similar motion, the meeting in this instance ending in confusion. It appears that these companies have no assets whatever, having transferred the whole of them over to the Amalgamated Syndicates, Limited, and it was not a very cheerful piece of information for the shareholders to be told at these meetings that this syndicate had only about £30,000 left in its coffers out of a capital of about £69,000 from the three companies. It cannot be said that the public did not receive ample warning to avoid these promotions, which were at the very best ridiculous, and in most cases were deserving of stronger epithets.

CYCLE SHARES.

The various cycle papers which dabble in financial matters are continually pointing with triumph to the dividends which the best companies have lately declared and the absurdly low price of their shares. The ostrich is said to hide its head in the sand when pursued by the hunter, and to imagine that by so doing it conceals the rest of its body. Perhaps the wretched bird really deceives itself; but we can hardly imagine that the writers of the silly paragraphs we have referred to, are foolish enough to even practise self-deception. All the world and his wife knows that the year ending with one of the summer months of 1897 has been a prosperous one for the cycle trade; and naturally the price of shares is not so much affected by what last year has brought forth, as by the general prospects of the trade for the ensuing twelve months. For ourselves, we believe that the first-rate companies have very little to fear provided they supply a good article; but it is because the public doubts it that prices are what they are.

TWO CYCLE REPORTS.

As we write, the balance-sheet of the Rudge-Whitworth Company to Aug. 31 last lies before us. On a share-capital of £174,451 a trading profit of £38,000 has been made, and, for the first time for many years, we are able to sincerely congratulate the shareholders on the result of the company's labours. The balance-sheet contains, however, three items making together over £160,000 out of a total of £299,000 on the credit side, and as to which it is very possible to have qualms of conscience—Works Stock, certified by the manager at £58,000; Depôt Stocks and South African Account, £48,000; and Sundry Debtors (less reserve for bad and doubtful debts), £58,000. The key of the whole position lies in these three items, especially the South African Account and the Sundry Debtors, and we invite the chairman at the meeting to afford fuller information as to them than is contained in the bare figures of the printed report. Cycle agents have not the best reputation for financial solvency, and £58,000 is a lot of money to be owed by this class of person.

The Elswick Cycles Company's report is, at first sight, not so attractive as the Rudge-Whitworth, for the profit on fifteen months' working is just over £16,000, or enough to allow of the payment of 8 per cent. on the ordinary shares of the company, and the placing of £2000 to reserve. There are, however, several points about the Elswick balance-sheet which commend it as an honest document to any thoughtful person. The amount owing to the company is only £17,000, the "stock" is taken at considerably less than it is valued at, not by the manager, but by independent professional valuers, and the same remark applies to the item of "buildings, plant, tools, &c.," while during the first eight months of the period covered by the present accounts the output was less than one-half of the present capacity of the factory.

Probably no two companies can be more typical of the whole trade, the one representing large output, small profit, and an appeal to the great mass of middle-class buyers, the other a restricted output (which cannot even now exceed five thousand cycles a year), extraordinary quality, high price, and an appeal only to the kind of customers who are prepared to pay whatever is asked for the best article. Mr. Vernon Pugh (who manages Rudge-Whitworth) is a believer in giving the great public a good thing at the lowest possible price, while Mr. Buckingham only appeals to that select class who buy guns of Purdy, carriages of Peters, dresses of Worth, or watches of Frodsham, and in such an appeal, the Elswick Company has scarcely a rival. Which class of custom will pay best in the long run remains to be seen.

HANNAN'S GOLD ESTATES.

From what we hear in well-informed quarters there is likely to be a Market movement in the shares of this company in the near future. The prospectus came out in January last, inviting subscriptions for 200,000 shares at par, these being of the face value of £2 when fully paid. We cannot but think that it was a serious error to depart from the recognised unit of £1 per share. The innovation only introduces complications, and puzzles the dabbler in mining shares. Hence, no doubt, to a great extent, the failure of the original issue to produce the subscriptions solicited. Nevertheless, in spite of that, and of the return of the public subscriptions, people who believed in the value of the properties put up £50,000 as working capital; and that money has been, and is, in course of expenditure upon the various properties in the Hannan's district. On one of these properties a shaft has been sunk to the depth of 260 feet, on another to 300 feet, with encouraging results in both cases as regards the prospects of the ore. The general manager and local consulting engineer is Mr. R. D. Thompson, who, though constitutionally a pessimist, holds out strong hopes of great success. It is both foolish and unfair to recommend, without qualification, the shares of partially developed mines, but we think the foregoing particulars may be of interest to readers who may see the shares quoted, and may not have the prospectus at their hand.

NEW ZEALAND MINING.

The gentleman who wrote our New Zealand letters earlier in the year has favoured us with the notes which appear under this head. As he writes only of those things which he has seen, the opinions expressed are of double value.

"In the turmoil of the new-born West Australian boom, when returns of hundreds of ounces to the ton are talked about without a smile as mere everyday matters of fact—at the moment of writing I am gazing at Messrs. Johnson's assay of stone from the 70 feet level of the Rome Consolidated, going 174 oz. 15 dwt. 0 grains; I like the supreme chastity of this 0 grains—the *New Zealand Herald* comes to hand with the month's returns, by which I see that five mines on the Upper Thames crushed 8281 tons for 22,361 ounces of bullion, worth about £24,762. The bullion of the Waihi usually fetches about 20s. an ounce. That of the Waiteauri is a shade more valuable, while the Talisman cannot get more than £3915 for its 4405 ounces. Here we are face to face with those terrible difficulties of ore-treatment which have always made New Zealand mining unfashionable. No one denies the existence of ore bodies in the North Island, but who can say how to extract their values? Take the Tavam Creek. The assays here are magnificent, the actual results very disappointing. The New Alburnia has some splendid stone, but not even the clever Mr. James, with all his experience, can tackle the extraordinary combinations which meet him at each new development. If ever there was a country which required the highest available chemical and mineralogical talent available, it is New Zealand. And yet the Kapanga has no assay plant, and the Thames School of Mines is almost useless, from the scientific point of view. I mention Kapanga because it is the deepest mine, and gold has been found at the 1000 feet level; there are values in this property which are quite unknown to the management, which is pleased to crush 60 tons from the 300 feet for a return of 105 ounces. How much the stupid old mill lost we do not know. Tributors are groping about in the upper bores of this old mine, and I hear they have paid expenses. Artful tributors, they never pay more than expenses! Argall has handed over the management to Batten, who is a good, practical miner; but he sadly needs some clever young scientists to help him. When I was down at the 940 level I saw some ore which would take a lot of treating. Daw thinks he has settled the wet-crushing question, and he has put his whole mill on the new system. If he can increase his output 25 per cent. the shares should be worth holding.

"There is some talk of the Crown and Woodstock amalgamating; but I understand that it has not got beyond talk. I don't quite see in what way either mine would benefit, except by way of management. These amalgamations are sometimes useful, as in the case of the Royal Oak and Tokatea, which are now both worked by Captain Hodge, who, I hear upon excellent authority, is pleased with the shoot in the Royal Oak. This shoot starts in No. 6 level and continues down to No. 7. I spent some dangerous hours examining it, and got half-choked by the gas, so I know all about it. But its length has not been determined. It goes down about 60 to 70 feet, and in some places is very rich indeed, as the returns show. Hodge thinks it will last him a year. It may. I believe in Hodge. He knows how to find gold. The Royal Oak by amalgamation secured a working capital of £25,000, which is untouched. I suppose Hodge has won about £10,000 worth already, and his next month's return should be another £3000. It takes £6500 to pay a 1½d. dividend upon the million shares, so that the present price is cheap. I do not say that the shares are good for a rise, because I know that there are still a large number of vendors' shares hanging over the market; but if the price fell to 1s. 6d. or 1s. 9d. I should be a buyer. I don't suppose the directors will tell me, but I should like to know whether Hodge has sunk below No. 7 level upon that shoot of gold. It is in the floor of the level. Is it in to any depth? If so, Royal Oaks should touch par. At any rate, I expect Hodge will make £30,000 profit for the company in the twelve months.

"I am delighted to hear that Woolmer is going ahead at the Anchor. He has got a good reef, and as he is, in my opinion, the most reliable mining engineer in the whole profession, I am sure he will do his best for the shareholders. It is seldom that one hears of a mining engineer throwing up a good berth because he had come to the conclusion that the mine

was worthless. This is what Woolmer did, and the sacrifice was all the more unique because the mine had plenty of cash in hand. Engineers often resign when the cash is ended, seldom before.

"They are talking big at Waihi just now, and I hear of many new finds; well, I will wait. Waihi is good—in a way, better than most; but I have not seen any other good mines at Waihi, and what I have not seen with my own eyes I do not believe. But I have heard a good deal, and, as I say, I will wait for results. At Waitekauri they say that all sorts of wonderful things are expected at Searer Brothers' mine; when they come we shall know, for the brothers Searer do not hide their mining lights under any bushel.

"The Komata Reefs have got the battery erected and at work—a very smart piece of business—and they have crushed some good stone. The clean-up will take place in about a week. I hear it will be worth £3 a ton all round, which will more than pay expenses. The Hauraki is hard at work trying to find a new patch—up to the present with no results. I think we may expect to see this mine on the down-grade. It has done splendidly, and you cannot keep on for ever in Coromandel. At the Thames itself we hear the usual wonderful talk about what is going to be done, but the actual result is ridiculous. I think that those who have put their money into such mines as the Moanatairi, Queen of Beauty, May Queen, and all the other children of Mr. Wichmann, will stand a fair chance of losing it. Of course, the Hon. R. J. Seddon will say I am prejudiced; well, I am, and my opinion is *not* that of many well-known experts. I hope they will turn out right; but developments, as far as they have gone, have shown nothing."

SLATE QUARRIES.

Some eighteen months or two years ago, before the unfortunate "T. E. Brinsmead and Sons" affair, a paper called the *Investor*, run in the interest of Messrs. Harrison-Ainsworth, Kaye, and their friends, succeeded in persuading several unfortunate correspondents of ours to invest small sums of money in debentures secured upon various slate-quarries, or so-called slate-quarries, in Devonshire, and which rejoiced in the names, among others, of the "Harberton Slate-Quarries, Limited," the "New Larcombe" ditto, the "South Larcombe" ditto, the "Great Western" ditto, and the "Kingsbridge" ditto. The money could, in our opinion, probably have been recovered by legal proceedings in several cases, but, as the sums were all small, we were obliged to tell each of our correspondents that it would be cheapest in the end for them to write it off as a bad debt. We put one of the victims into communication with a solicitor, who, taking advantage of his opportunity a few days ago, succeeded in recovering his client's money with interest, and without litigation. If any of the other unfortunates who communicated with us before on the subject like to write again, we shall be able, we think, to put them in the way of recovering what they never expected to see again.

AN INGENIOUS MODEL.

We were led to a call on the secretary of the Waihi company the other day, and in the course of the conversation which ensued we came across one of the most ingenious devices for explaining the developments of a mine that we have ever seen. It is difficult to explain without diagrams, but we will do our best. The plan, we ought to mention, has been patented by Mr. Hubert Akers, the secretary of the company. In his office he has a plan of the mine, which, without the slightest exaggeration, we may say conveys a much better idea of the actual state of developments than would a visit to the scene of operations by anyone except a mining expert. There is a series of plate-glass shelves adjusted to scale, and the uppermost one is marked out in squares of a specified superficial area. As development proceeds underground, the adits, winzes, and other workings are painted on to the sheet of glass, which corresponds mathematically with the depth from the surface at which the work has been done. To put it another way, Mr. Akers' invention amounts to this: You assume the property of the Waihi Gold-Mines to be transparent throughout, and on looking through the top of the case you see where all the workings are, how far, and in what direction, they have been extended, the thickness of the reef, the nature of the ground at various depths, and any amount of further information. This description is necessarily inadequate, but we are authorised to say that Mr. Akers will be pleased to show the plan itself to anybody interested in the company.

Messrs. A. and F. Pears, Limited, issue their annual report, which shows that the prosperity of this well-known concern has been fully maintained. The preference shareholders get their usual dividend, of course, and, after the ordinary receive 10 per cent., there is $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the deferred, as well as a substantial sum placed to reserve account, an account that now shows a very respectable total.

The Hotel Cecil, Limited, has also now issued its much-looked-for report. It shows that a very considerable business has been done during the period under review (May 6, 1896, to Aug. 31, 1897), a business that under the capable management of Mr. Bertini should increase sufficiently during the next twelve months to make a better show for the shareholders. There is no division for the period in question; but it must be remembered that with this, as with most new concerns, there must have been a great deal of expense, and perhaps waste, at first that will not recur. The hotel was opened, as it were, by instalments, and it was some time before some of the large public rooms were ready for public dinners—a profitable branch of the business.

ISSUES.

The Ivanhoe Gold Corporation, Limited.—This long-expected prospectus has at length been issued, but allotments will only be made to the shareholders of the London and Globe Finance Corporation. The capital is £1,000,000 in £5 shares, and, if Market talk goes for anything, the price will be something near £10 as soon as the additions to the plant and machinery have been made. There is no doubt that the Ivanhoe, the Lake View Consols, and the Great Boulder are the three greatest mines in Western Australia.

The Queen Bess Proprietary Company, Limited.—We have long expected that promoters would turn their attention to British Columbia, and we are therefore not surprised to see attempts made to work up some enthusiasm for the Kootenay district. Why should West Australia get all the spare cash of the British public, and British Columbia starve? Such a state of affairs was very hard on the inhabitants of the American colony, so the Duncan Mines, the Queen Bess Proprietary, and some more yet to come, have been started to put matters right. We advise our readers, for the present, at least, to leave the British Columbian Mine Market alone.

New Zealand Assets Realisation Board.—For those people who like Colonial 3½ per cents, these bonds, guaranteed by the Government of New Zealand, appear to be equal to any other Government loans.

Lord George Sanger, Limited.—With a capital of £125,000, of which only £5000 is available for working capital, we never read a more unsatisfactory prospectus than the one upon which Sanger's Circus is offered to the public. The auditor's certificate is, of course, absolutely childish. While we should have great doubts as to the valuation of the horses, stock, &c., we are certain that in a break-up they would fetch very little more than a tenth the amount set down. Performing horses, elephants, and suchlike things may be worth a good deal of money to a showman who has got a going show, but if you put them under the auctioneer's hammer they realise very little. If any of our readers are foolish enough to subscribe to this issue, it is no good their writing to us for sympathy afterwards.

Saturday, Oct. 23, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

G. L.—We advise you to hold. In the first two cases you can get a mere trifle for the shares, and in the third we hear good accounts of the mine. We do not expect Nos. 1 and 2 will do any good, but a cablegram might at any time double the price, and with mines it is always a case of "while there is life there is hope."

AMBULATA.—(1) These shares may be worth buying, but they are puffed by various touts, and we would not touch them with a barge-pole. (2) Possibly a reasonable investment, but again too much puffed by touts. (3) Not to our liking.

ALIC.—(1) The prospects are represented to us by people who have seen the mine as first-rate. (2) This is a big property which proved a great disappointment. We understand that some of their leases are showing considerable promise, hence the rise. (3) No. (4) A good mine, but, as to immediate advance, we doubt it.

F. D. D. T.—Thanks for your letter. If, later on, you want to take action, we will willingly advise you.

MONEY.—The people you mention are outside dealers who, so far as we know, pay when they lose. The objection to outside dealers is that they run stock against their clients, and therefore are interested in giving specious but bad advice, for your loss is their gain, and *vice versa*. The people in question deal at tape prices, which gives them an undue advantage, as it is notorious that these are too wide. We advise you not to deal.

WM. M. (Barberton).—We have handed your letter and photos to the Editor, who will deal with them.

P. M. (Cape Town).—This column is not the place to argue as to the future of Rhodesia. You may be right; but the evidence at our disposal makes us believe that payable gold has yet to be discovered, and it is admitted on all sides that the country cannot exist on agriculture, unless a gold-mining population is created to consume the products of the farmers' labour.

A. B. C.—You might do worse than you suggest, but don't forget the present labour troubles. We would prefer to buy South-Western Deferred than either of the stocks you mention.

H. S.—(1) This mine is well situated, and might at any time turn up trumps, but we have no faith in the people connected with it. (2) Certainly not. (3) Try writing to the secretary, address 10, Coleman Street, London, E.C. He may very likely be able to supply you with a copy of the prospectus, if one was ever issued, but of this we have doubts. Ask the secretary to tell you what was the date upon which the issue was advertised, if he cannot let you have a prospectus, and you can then write to the *Times* and get a copy of that paper for the day in question. We are pretty confident, however, that there never was a prospectus or a public issue.

MISGUIDED.—You seem to have a most wretched collection of shares; but we suppose, like other readers, you were bitten by the motor mania. Get rid of Nos. 1 to 5 when you can. Most of them are unsaleable, we fear. No. 6 is good enough to hold as an investment.

ALPHA.—See this week's "Notes."

DUPED WESTRALIAN.—(1) We did not refer to the gentleman you mention when we told our correspondent "Disappointed" that his companies belonged to "a bad group." (2) He is an engineer and financier who is certainly honest, but over-sanguine. Your description of him is absurd. (3) We really cannot waste time and space on conjectures.

GRASSENDALE.—We think there is very little chance.

MONO.—As an investment, they are, like all things depending on patents, rather speculative. The concern has a good business, and even if a better machine were placed on the market there would be room for both. You have exactly hit the reason of the drop in price. We are not machinery experts, but are told that the new contrivance is wonderfully simple and effective.

R. F. F.—Thanks for your long letter, although why you should have written it we do not know. We have over and over again recommended Aërated Bread shares at £5 and £6, but we should feel very inclined to realise at present prices. Very likely you are right about the company you are so enthusiastic over, but we don't like the directors.

HEAGE.—Of No. 1 we know nothing; there is certainly no free market in them. No. 2 is a respectable concern of which we think well.

F. C. P.—(1) We do not advise purchase of more Lady Lochs. The reports have not proved reliable. The mine has some agreement with a battery two miles off to crush. (2) High enough considering the big capital. (3) A promising speculation from all we can hear. (4) The Lady Shenton lode runs through the property, but, so far, has proved broken up in all the lower levels. There are poor pieces in all lodes, and it looks as if this mine had got hold of one of these.

J. K.—(1) See answer to "Money." (2) We do not know what "Surats" is the slang for, nor does anybody we can find in the Stock Exchange.